

# ROBIN HOOD

TALES

ANC

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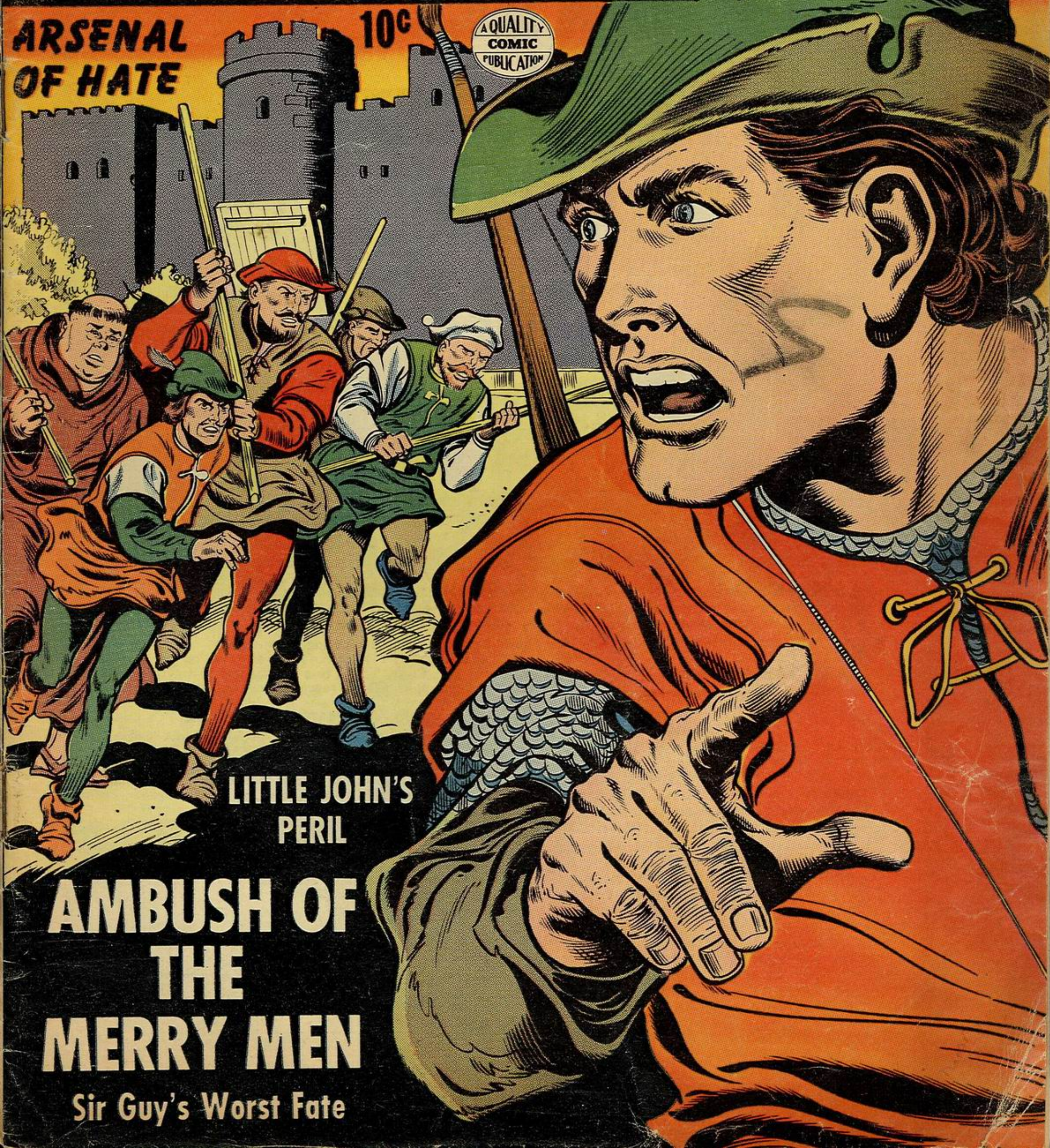


AUTHORITY

ARSENAL  
OF HATE

10c

A QUALITY  
COMIC  
PUBLICATION



LITTLE JOHN'S  
PERIL

AMBUSH OF  
THE  
MERRY MEN

Sir Guy's Worst Fate





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# Robin Hood

THERE WAS NO REJOICING IN SHERWOOD FOREST! ONE BY ONE, ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN WERE BECOMING UNMERRY! FOR A MIRTHLESS SITUATION CONFRONTED THEM ALL! AS IF THEY WERE MARKED FOR DOOM, ONE BOLD FORESTER AFTER THE OTHER VANISHED INTO NOWHERE! THE SITUATION MOCKED EVERY EFFORT ROBIN HOOD MADE TO SOLVE IT! WAS SOME EVIL MAGICIAN WORKING THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS BAND? HAD EACH MEMBER TURNED TRAITOR AND DESERTED? SOME INSIDIOUS POWER LAY BEHIND THE CONTINUOUS AND DESTRUCTIVE...

## AMBUSH OF THE MERRY MEN

FIND OUT, VARLET!  
SEND THY MEN AGAINST  
ME! LET THEM TAKE  
ME...IF THEY CAN!

THOU ART EVEN BOLDER  
THAN I'D HEARD! STORMING  
WESSEX CASTLE BY **YOURSELF!**  
ART THOU **MAD, ROGUE?** OR  
DOST THOU STUPIDLY  
**EXAGGERATE** THINE  
OWN MIGHT?





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

IN THE TOWN OF WESSHAM, THE TAX COLLECTOR FOR THE EARL OF WESSEX LISTENS COLDLY TO A TOWNSMAN'S PLEA...



B-BUT I HAVE NOTHING LEFT! NOT A PIECE OF SILVER! NOT A PIECE OF FABRIC WORTH LOOKING AT!

YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON US! MEN, TEAR DOWN THE COTTAGE!

P-PLEASE! PLEASE! THE HOUSE IS ALL I HAVE!



AN EXAMPLE MUST BE MADE TO SHOW THIS TOWN THAT WHEN THE EARL OF WESSEX SENDS OUT A TAX COLLECTOR, HE MEANS TO COLLECT SOMETHING BESIDES EXCUSES!



OUT OF MY WAY!

FOR SHAME! A PLAGUE ON THE EARL! HE TREATS US LIKE DIRT!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE! THE EARL MAY DO AS HE PLEASES... AND YOU MUST OBEY!



W-WAIT, YOU SCOUNDRELS! ROBIN HOOD WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS! Y'LL RUE THY CRUELTY!



ROBIN HOOD? THOU MAKEST ME LAUGH! ROBIN IS BUT A PEST! A GNAT THE EARL WILL CRUSH BETWEEN HIS FINGERS ERE A WEEK IS GONE! NOW BRING ME TRIBUTE BEFORE I BURN THE WHOLE TOWN TO THE GROUND!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS A HEAVILY CLOAKED FIGURE WATCHES THE HUMILIATION OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE!



THE SCOUNDRELS WILL PAY FOR THIS WICKEDNESS!

YOU, THERE! WHERE'S YOUR TRIBUTE!

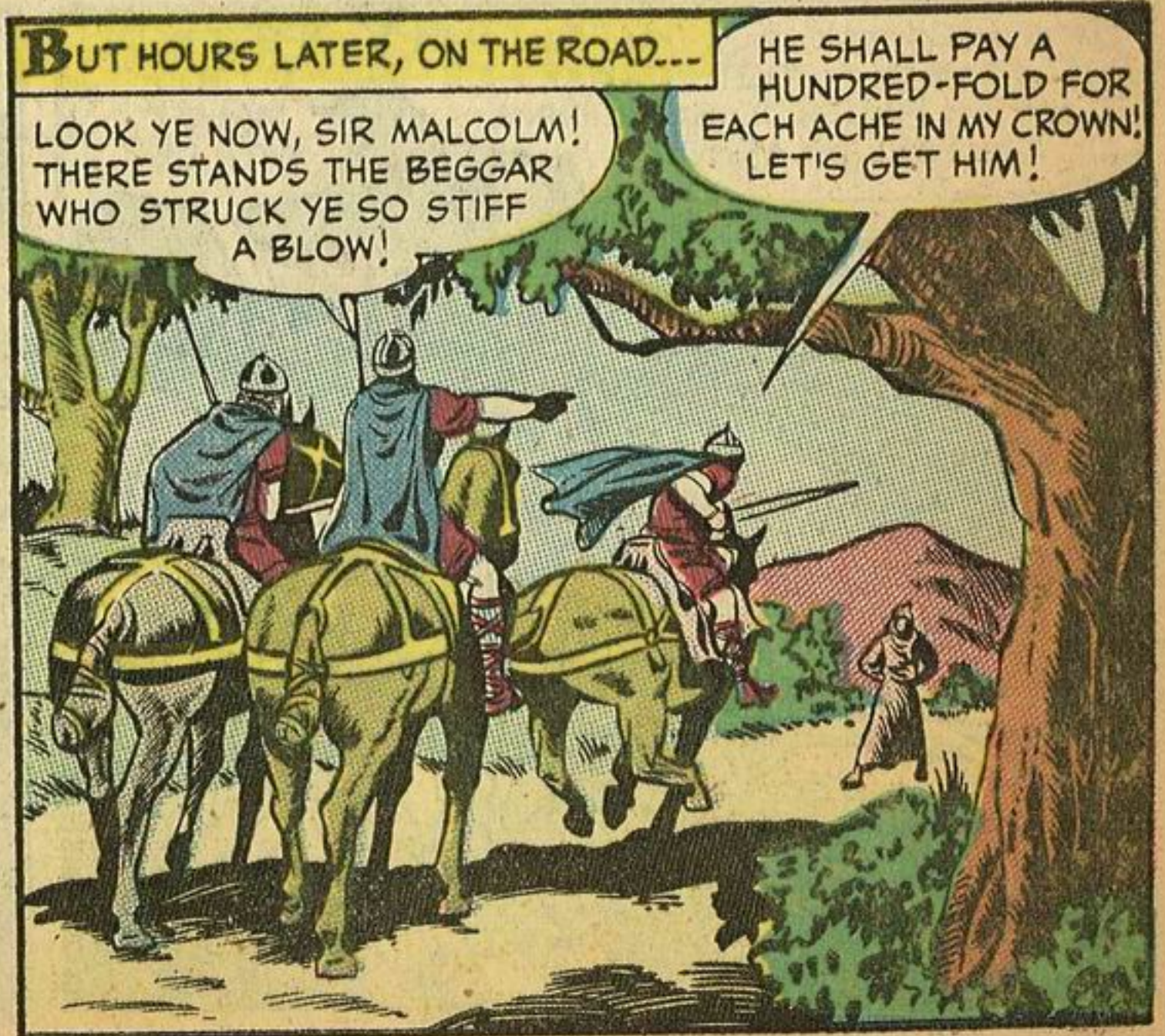
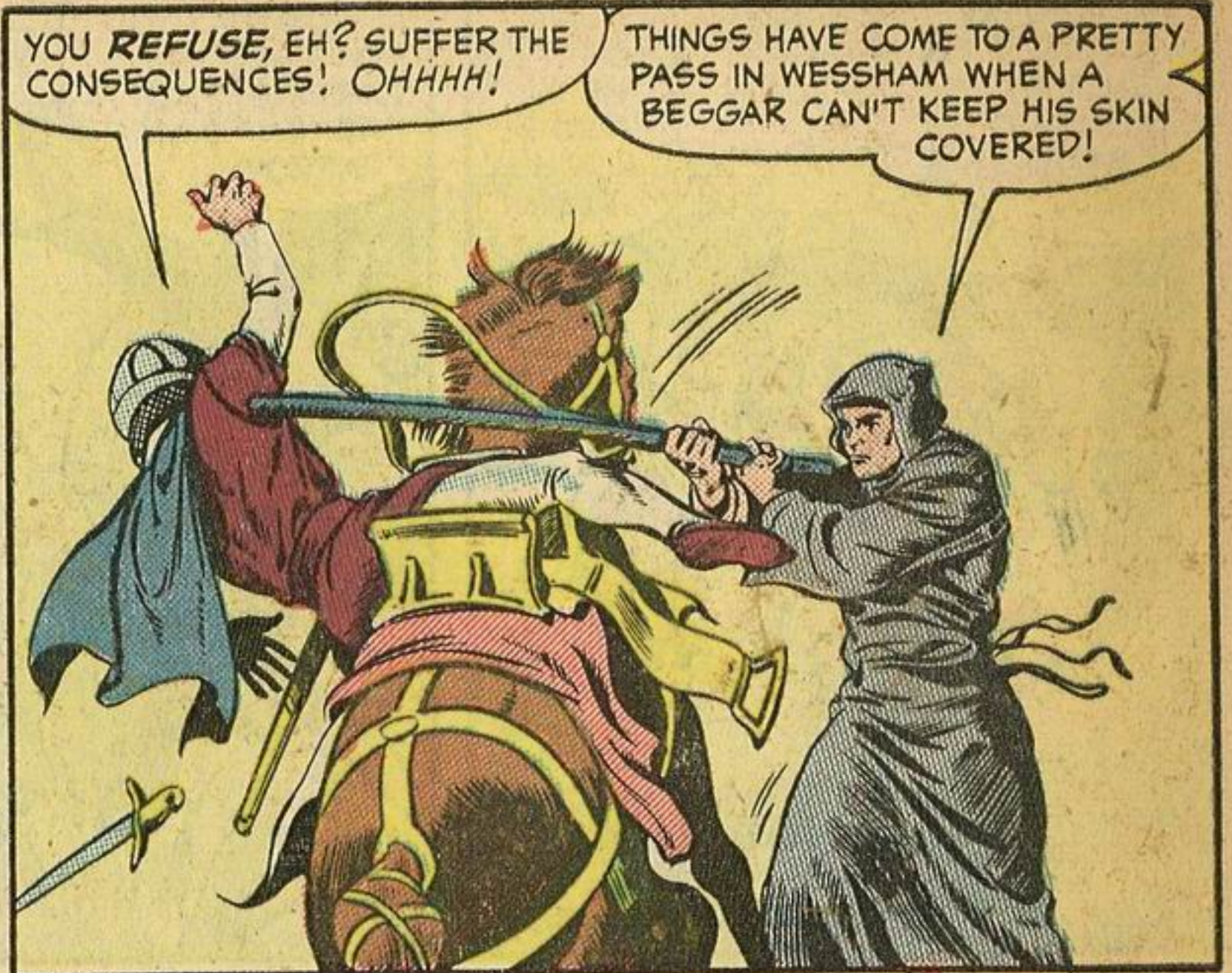


WHY, SIR, I'M A BEGGAR! I OWN NOTHING BUT THE RAGS ON MY BACK!

GOOD! I'LL TAKE THE RAGS! HAND THEM OVER!



# ROBIN HOOD TALES





# ROBIN HOOD TALES





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

SHORTLY AFTER...

HMM...THESE FINE GARMENTS WILL KEEP MANY A POOR MAN FROM FREEZING IN THE DEAD OF WINTER! ONLY **WORTHY** PEOPLE DESERVE SUCH FINERY!

AYE, ROBIN! WE'LL DIS-TRIBUTE THE CLOTHING AMONG THE POOR AND RETURN THE TRIBUTE TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS! BUT WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THESE **VARLETS**?



SEND 'EM BACK TO THE EARL WITH NEXT TO NOTHING ON THEIR BACKS! WE'LL KEEP THE HORSES! WE CAN ROAM FURTHER ON HOOF THAN ON FOOT!

YE HEARD ROBIN'S DECISION! GET THEE BACK TO THY MASTER!



DOST THOU THINK WE'VE TAUGHT THE VILLAINS A LESSON, ROBIN?

I HOPE SO LITTLE JOHN! THE EARL LISTENS NOT TO THE GROANS OF THOSE HE OPPRESSES! PERHAPS HE WILL TAKE HEED FROM THE **PUNISHMENT** WE ADMINISTER TO HIS MEN!



MEANWHILE, IN THE BANQUET HALL OF WESSEX CASTLE...

YE'VE TOLD ME A FASCINATING STORY, MAID MARIAN...BUT THOU ART MORE FASCINATING THAN THY TALE! **WHERE** HAS BEAUTY LIKE THINE BEEN HIDING?

I CAME NOT TO DALLY **WORDS** WITH THEE, EARL! YOUR PERSECUTION OF WESSHAM MUST STOP!



HANG WESSHAM AND EVERYBODY IN IT! I AM TAKEN BY THY BEAUTY, WENCH! GIVE ME A **KISS** FROM THY RUBY LIPS!

STAND BACK! I WOULD SOONER KISS A SERPENT!



YOU WILL FIND MY EMBRACE FAR MORE **PLEASANT** THAN ANY SERPENT'S! OOOHHHH!

SO THY **STEALING** EXTENDS ALSO TO KISSES! THAT'S MY ANSWER TO **THIEVES**!



I'LL HAVE YE **PUNISHED** FOR THIS INSOLENCE! I AM THE EARL OF WESSEX!

YOU FRIGHTEN ME NOT! WERE YOU THE KING OF ENGLAND HIMSELF I WOULD SLAP THY FACE!





# ROBIN HOOD TALES





# ROBIN HOOD TALES



A FEW NIGHTS LATER...





THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

I-I CANNOT FATHOM IT! LITTLE JOHN AND HIS MEN NEVER REACHED THE ABBEY! IT IS AS IF THE GROUND SWALLOWED THEM UP! ALAN A DALE! GEORGE A GREEN! GO THOU FORTH AND **LOOK** FOR THEM!

AYE, ROBIN! WE'LL FIND LITTLE JOHN! COME, ALAN A DALE!



SHORTLY AFTER IN THE FOREST...

TAKE ANOTHER STEP, SINGER OF SONGS, AND WE WILL STILL THY VOICE FOREVER!

THE EARL'S MEN! WE ARE UNDONE, GEORGE!



THAT EVENING, AS NEITHER GEORGE A GREEN NOR ALAN A DALE RETURN...

THEY CANNOT HAVE GONE ASTRAY! THEY KNOW THE FOREST TOO WELL! I FEAR SOMETHING DIRE HAS BEFALLEN THEM, FRIAR TUCK!

AYE, ROBIN! I'LL TAKE A STRONG FORCE AND RE-CONNOITER! WILL STUTELY! MIDGE THE MILLER'S SON! COME THOU WITH ME!



BUT AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE TREE TOPS!

THOU MUST HAVE **EXPECTED** US, VARLET! HOW ELSE COULD THOU HAVE SPRUNG THY TRAP SO NEATLY?

'TIS A SECRET, FRIAR TUCK! A SECRET THAT WILL SOON DELIVER ROBIN'S **ENTIRE** BAND INTO OUR HANDS! MEN, TAKE THEM TO WESSEX CASTLE!



LATER THAT DAY, AT ROBIN'S CAMP...

THEY, TOO, ARE GONE! VANISHED...AS IF INTO NOTHINGNESS! HAS AN EVIL SPELL STRUCK THEM DOWN? IS A SORCERER BENT ON OUR DESTRUCTION?

NAY, ROBIN! **EVERYTHING** HAS AN EXPLANATION! IF SPELLS COULD HURT US, THE EARL WOULD HAVE HIRED A THOUSAND WITCHES BEFORE THIS TO UNDO US! LET ME SEARCH FOR THEM!



THOU ART RIGHT, WILL SCARLET! 'TIS ONLY THAT MY MIND REELS WITH THESE CALAMITIES! MAY LUCK ATTEND THY SEARCH!

FEAR NOT, ROBIN! WE WILL RETURN!



SPREAD OUT, MEN, AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY PACES BETWEEN US! IN THIS WAY, WE CAN SEARCH THE FOREST!

WHERE GOEST THOU, MAID MARIAN?

TO WESSHAM!





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

I WOULD LEARN IF WESSHAM HAS NEWS OF THE DISAPPEARANCES! I WILL RETURN ANON!

USE CARE, MAID MARIAN! BAD LUCK LIKE THIS CAN BE NO COINCIDENCE!



AN HOUR LATER, NOT FAR FROM WESSHAM...

QUICK, MERTON! TAKE THE HORSE OUT OF SIGHT! I SEE TREACHERY AHEAD! I WILL STEAL UP ON YONDER KNOT OF MEN AND TRY TO OVERHEAR THEIR WORDS!

HEED ROBIN'S WARNING! USE CARE!



MOMENTS LATER...

T-THOSE FOUR NEW RECRUITS FROM WESSHAM! THEY ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THE EARL OF WESSEX! THEY HAVE JOINED ROBIN'S BAND TO DESTROY US FROM WITHIN! I MUST HASTEN BACK TO ROBIN!



AN HOUR LATER, AT ROBIN'S CAMP... AS MAID MARIAN TELLS ROBIN WHAT SHE KNOWS...

WHAT A TRUSTING DUNCE I AM! I SENT THE REST OF THE BAND AFTER WILL SCARLET TO HELP HIM! NOW THEY'LL ALL WIND UP IN THE EARL'S TRAP! WAIT HERE, GENTLE MAID! I MUST RACE TO THEIR RESCUE!



BUT AN HOUR LATER...

I AM TOO LATE! THEY ARE ALL IN SIR MALCOLM'S CLUTCHES!



SHORTLY AFTER, BACK AT THE CAMP, ROBIN FINDS STILL ANOTHER MEMBER OF HIS BAND MISSING...

I SEE THE BOOT-PRINTS OF THE FOUR SPIES! THEY MUST HAVE CARRIED OFF MAID MARIAN! I'LL FOLLOW THEIR TRACKS!



AN HOUR LATER, AFTER DILIGENT TRACKING...

T-THE TRAIL STOPS HERE... AT THIS SECRET TUNNEL! I NEED A TORCH TO LIGHT MY WAY!





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL---

W-WESSEX CASTLE! THIS, THEN, MUST BE THE SECRET ROUTE THE EARL'S MINIONS TOOK TO KIDNAP MY MEN! MY MEN MAY YET BE ALIVE, LOCKED IN THE DUNGEON! WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, I'LL SWIM THE MOAT!



HOURS LATER, AFTER STEALING INTO THE CASTLE---

WELCOME, ROBIN! I KNEW THE MOTHER BEAR WOULD TRY TO RESCUE HER CUBS! THEY ARE ALL BELOW, IN THE DUNGEON, AWAITING THEIR DOOM!

M-MAID MARIAN! ART THOU HERE, TOO? WHAT A PIECE OF LUCK!



CATCH THIS KEY! WHEN I CLIMBED THROUGH THE CASEMENT, I KNOCKED A GUARD SENSELESS AND RELIEVED HIM OF IT! IT MAY OPEN THE DUNGEON! FREE MY MEN WHILE I HOLD THESE HOUNDS AT BAY!

IT IS THE KEY TO THE DUNGEON! AFTER HER! QUICK!



THEY'LL NEVER CATCH HER! HER BEAUTY IS ONLY MATCHED BY HER FLEETNESS! THY HOUR HAS STRUCK, EVIL EARL!

T-TAKE HIM! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? ONE MAN CAN'T DEFEAT A HUNDRED!



MINUTES LATER, BELOW---

I OFFERED THE JAILER A BRIBE AND KNOCKED HIM UNCONSCIOUS AS HE SOUGHT TO EMBRACE ME! TO ROBIN'S RESCUE! QUICKLY!

AYE! WE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT VARLET EARL!



MOMENTS LATER, ON THE FLOOR ABOVE---

W-WE WERE TOO LATE, YOUR WORSHIP! SHE FREED THEM!

THOU COMEST NONE TOO SOON, LITTLE JOHN! TEACH THESE ROGUES A LESSON THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!



SHORTLY AFTER---

IT'S ALL OVER, ROBIN! THE VILLAINS BEG TO SURRENDER!

GOOD, LITTLE JOHN! WE'VE STRUCK A BLOW FOR THE FREEDOM OF WESSHAM FROM WHICH THIS FOUL EARL WILL FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO RECOVER! HIS AMBUSHES ARE ENDED!





# Robin Hood



THE SECRET POWER OF ROBIN HOOD'S BAND LAY NOT IN ITS NUMBERS BUT IN ITS INNER STRENGTH! ITS DEEP BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP, ITS CHEERFULNESS IN THE FACE OF DANGER, ITS DEDICATION TO SELFLESS IDEALS, ITS ONE-FOR-ALL-AND-ALL-FOR-ONE SPIRIT! THIS FEELING IS NO BETTER ILLUSTRATED THAN BY THE ADVENTURE WHEREIN ROBIN HOOD SUFFERED TERRIBLE ANGUISH BECAUSE OF...

## LITTLE JOHN'S PERIL

ONE MORNING, ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN HAVE ONE OF THEIR FAMOUS QUARRELS, THAT BEGINS WITH JOSHING...





# ROBIN HOOD TALES





# ROBIN HOOD TALES



YOU WERE NEED-  
LESSLY GRUFF  
WITH LITTLE JOHN,  
ROBIN! HE TOLD  
THE TRUTH! HE  
IS NOT UP TO  
MARK! HIS BODY  
IS HOT WITH  
FEVER!

I AM WELL RID  
OF HIM! HE  
GIVES ME TOO  
MUCH BACK  
TALK! NOW  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!



FRIAR! DO NOT CHIDE  
ROBIN! HE IS EATING  
HIS HEART OUT  
ABOUT THE QUARREL!  
NO ONE RESPECTS  
LITTLE JOHN MORE  
THAN ROBIN!

AND THOU  
MIGHT SAY  
THE SAME  
FOR LITTLE  
JOHN! WHAT  
A DEAL OF  
NEEDLESS  
TROUBLE THESE  
FOOLISH QUARRELS  
CAUSE, WILL SCARLET!



BUT YOU HAVEN'T  
EATEN A THING  
ALL MORNING,  
ROBIN!

I *THANK*  
THEE, WILL,  
BUT NO!  
I HAVE NO  
APPETITE!

YOU SEE?  
NO ONE  
IS  
SORRIER  
ABOUT THE  
ARGUMENT  
THAN ROBIN  
HIMSELF! OH,  
TEMPER!  
TEMPER!



I-I'LL BE BACK SOON!  
THERE'S A TASK THAT  
REMAINS UNDONE!

MAY WE ACCOMPANY YOU,  
ROBIN? IT IS DANGEROUS TO  
GO THROUGH THE WOODS  
ALONE! IT IS RUMORED THAT  
GUY OF GISBORNE IS  
ON THE HUNT FOR YOU!



GUY OF GISBORNE DOES  
NOT WORRY ME, WILL!  
I'LL BE BACK!

POOR ROBIN! HE CAN'T REST!  
HIS CONSCIENCE NAGS HIM TO  
MAKE HIS PEACE WITH LITTLE  
JOHN!



HOW WRONG I WAS TO TEASE LITTLE JOHN! I  
WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO* WITHOUT THAT  
LOVABLE GIANT! I'LL BET HE *IS* SICK, AS THE  
FRIAR SAID! I MUST FIND HIM! I MUST  
APOLOGIZE TO HIM!



AT THE SAME TIME...

WHY DID I QUARREL WITH  
ROBIN? I'D CUT MY RIGHT  
ARM OFF TO SAVE A HAIR  
ON ROBIN'S HEAD! WHAT  
IS WRONG WITH ME?  
WHY DO I LET MY  
FOOLISH TEMPER  
GET THE BETTER  
OF ME?





I MISS ROBIN AS IF MY **SOUL** LEFT MY BODY! I'LL POCKET MY PRIDE! I'LL TELL HIM THE QUARREL WAS MY FAULT! MY FEVER MADE ME EVIL-TEMPERED!



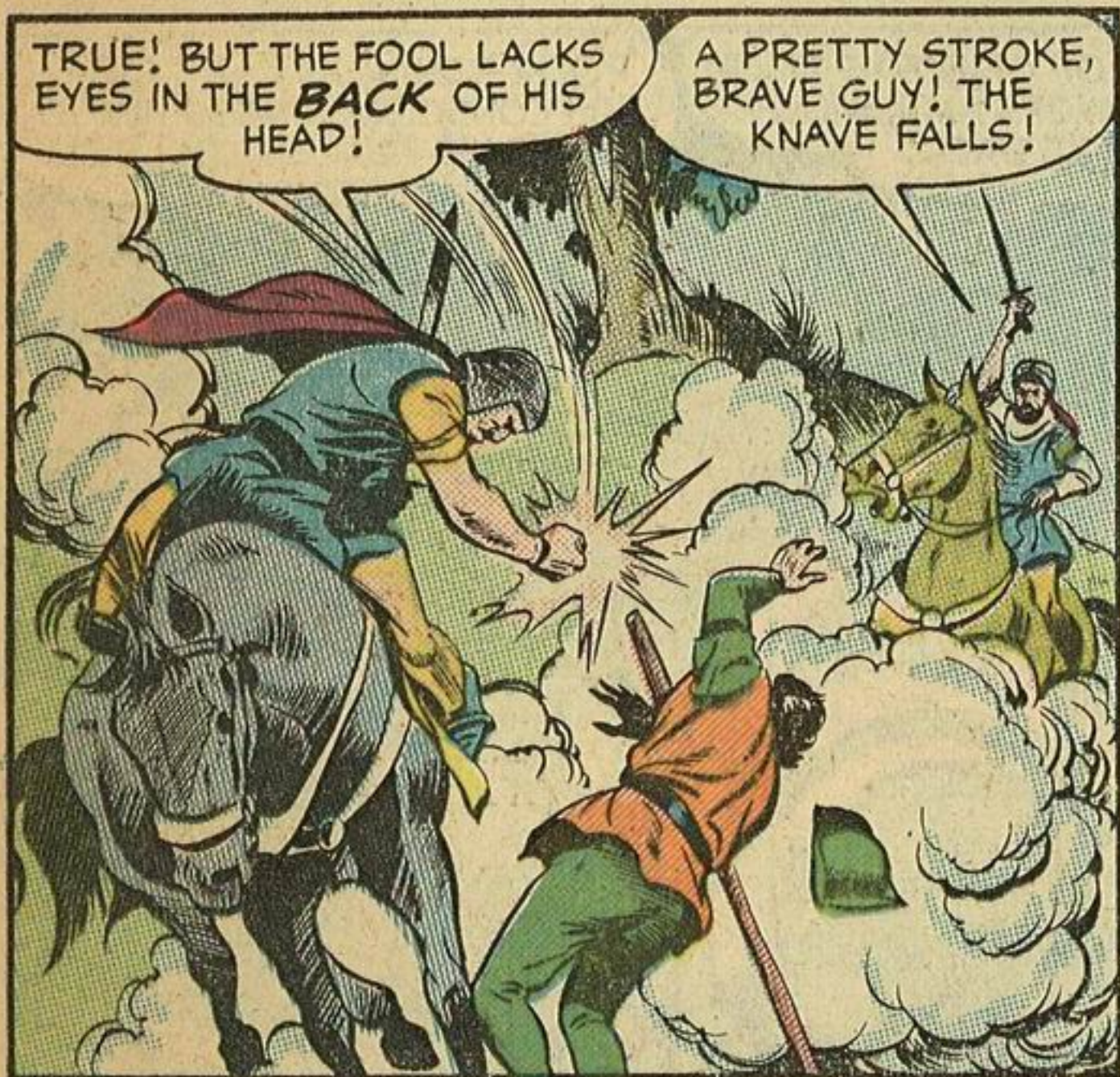
I'LL WASTE NO TIME GETTING BACK TO CAMP! I'LL ---

IT IS THE TALL ONE! NEXT TO ROBIN **HIMSELF**, LITTLE JOHN IS THE ONE I WANT MOST! SEIZE HIM!



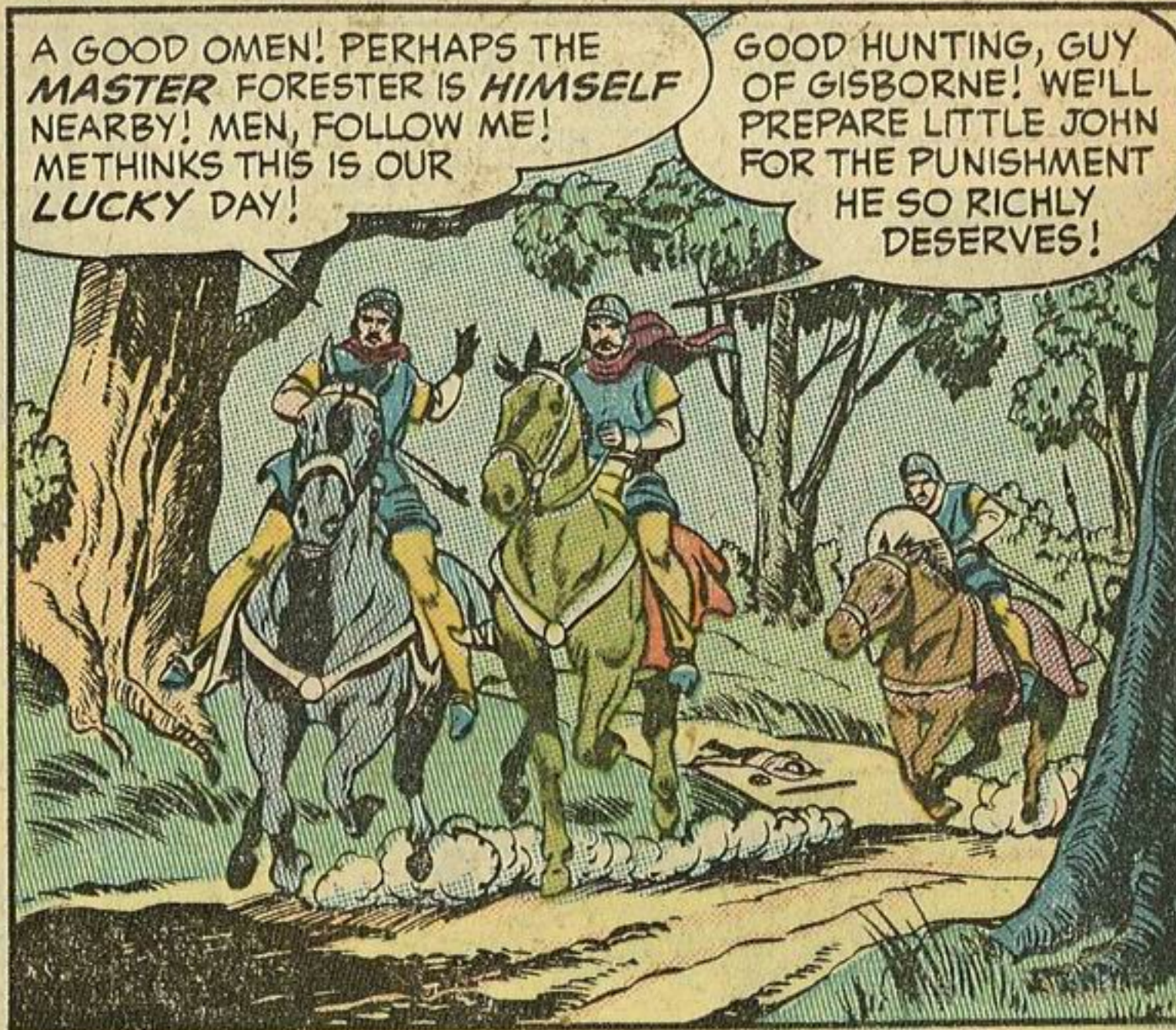
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU HANDLE ONE KNAVE?

AYE! BUT **THIS** KNAVE BATTLES LIKE TEN KNAVES, SHERIFF!



TRUE! BUT THE FOOL LACKS EYES IN THE **BACK** OF HIS HEAD!

A PRETTY STROKE, BRAVE GUY! THE KNAVE FALLS!



A GOOD OMEN! PERHAPS THE **MASTER** FORESTER IS **HIMSELF** NEARBY! MEN, FOLLOW ME! METHINKS THIS IS OUR **LUCKY DAY**!

GOOD HUNTING, GUY OF GISBORNE! WE'LL PREPARE LITTLE JOHN FOR THE PUNISHMENT HE SO RICHLY DESERVES!

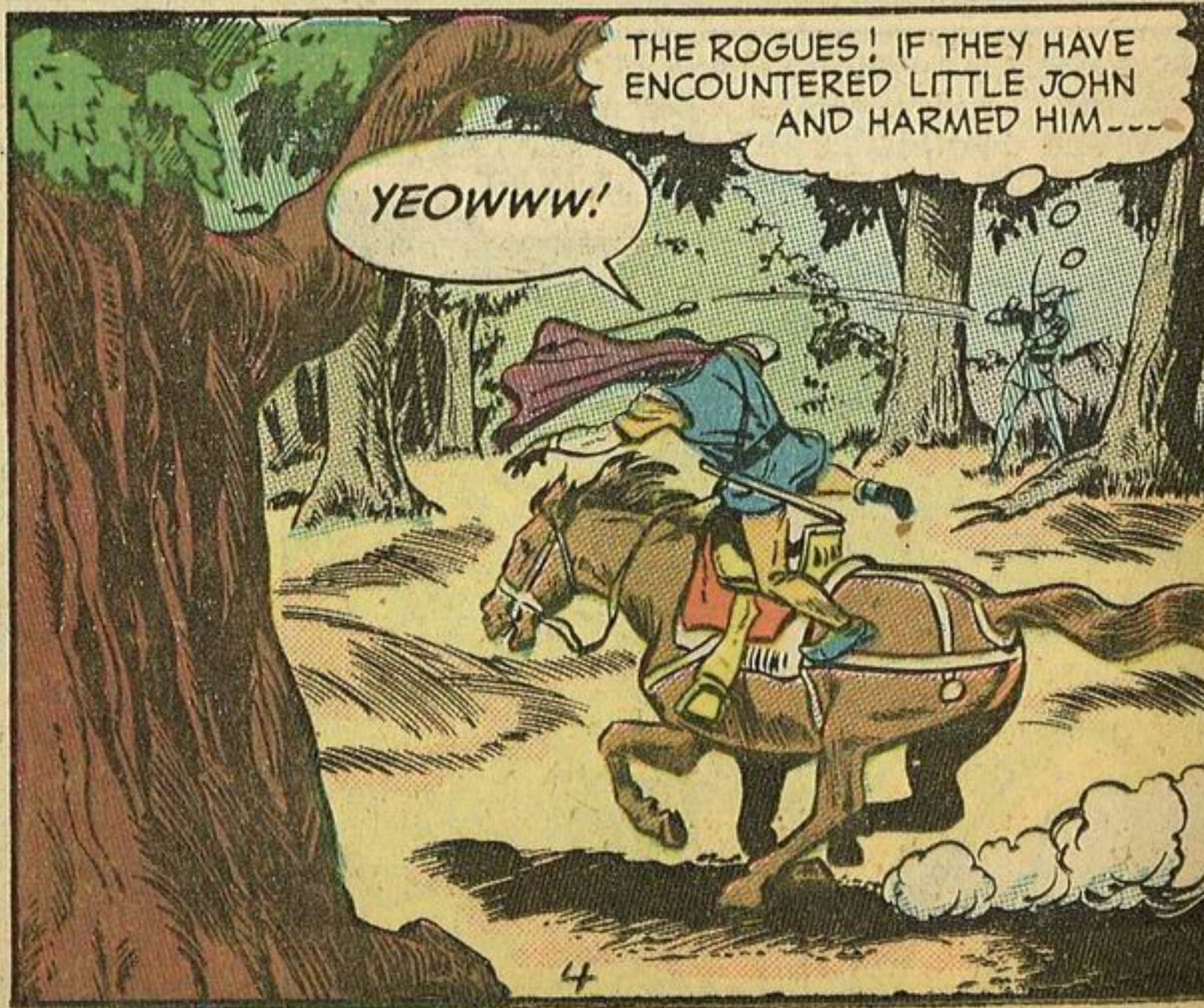


**SHORTLY AFTER, ON THE FOREST PATH---**

I SWORE AN OATH TO HANG ROBIN AND HIS BAND! TODAY I WILL **DESTROY** THE SCOURGE OF THE NOBILITY!

T-THERE HE **IS** NOW, YOUR WORSHIP!

GUY OF GISBORNE!

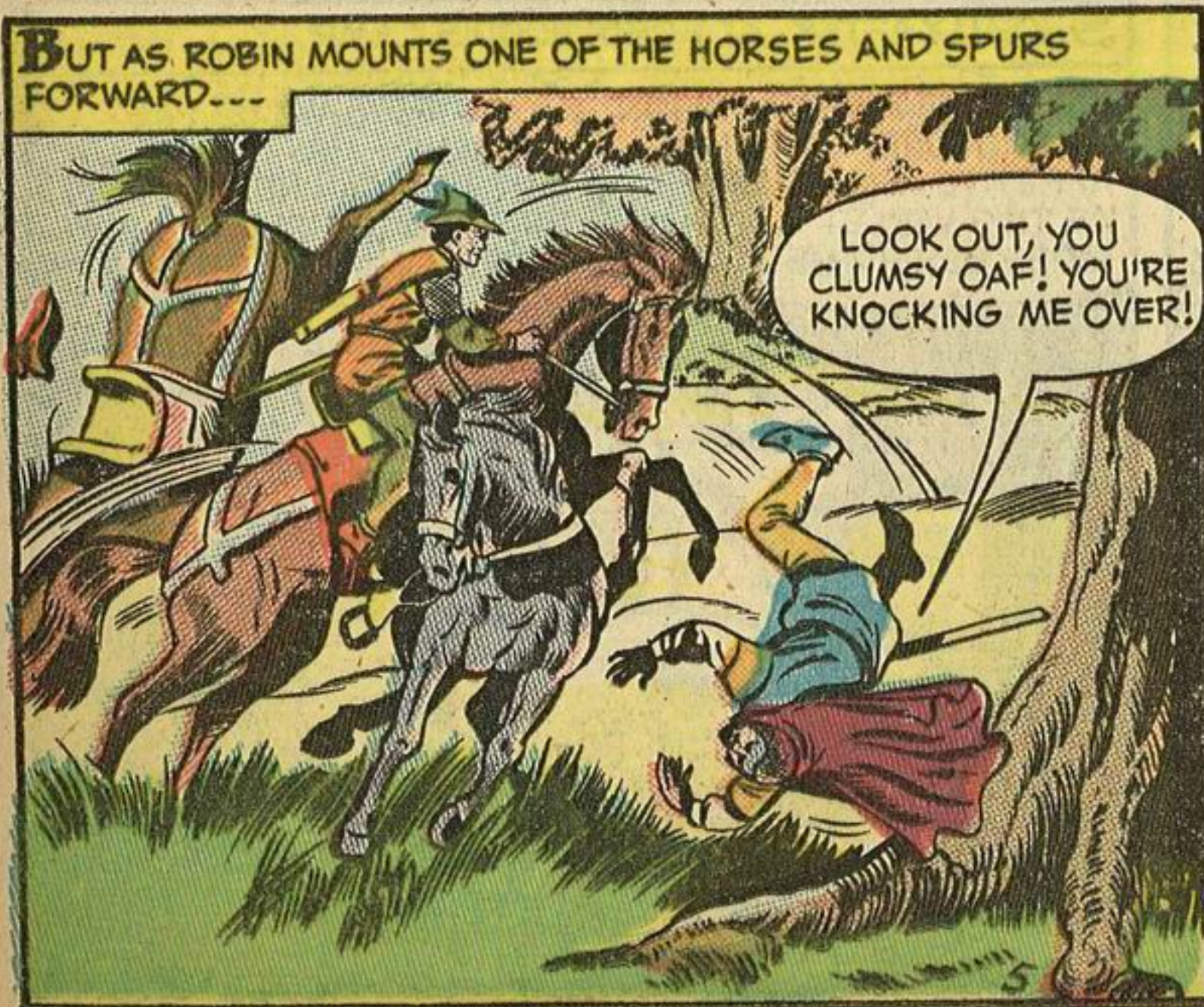


THE ROGUES! IF THEY HAVE ENCOUNTERED LITTLE JOHN AND HARMED HIM---

**YEOWWW!**



# ROBIN HOOD TALES





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

MINUTES LATER, AFTER DON-  
NING GUY OF GISBORNE'S  
CLOTHING...

I'M RETURN-  
ING TO THE SHERIFF'S CAMP...  
AS GUY! HEAVEN HELP  
*EITHER* OF YOU IF YOU  
WARN THE SHERIFF THAT I  
AM ROBIN HOOD IN DISGUISE!  
NOW RIDE!



SHORTLY AFTER, ALONG THE FOREST PATH...

GUY OF GISBORNE!  
WHAT LUCK, YOUR  
WORSHIP! DID  
YOU MEET UP  
WITH ROBIN  
HOOD?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING...  
YES! I SEE YOU'RE BRINGING  
LITTLE JOHN INTO NOTTING-  
HAM! WE MUST BE CAREFUL,  
SHERIFF! LITTLE JOHN HAD  
MADE MANY AN ESCAPE! I'LL  
TEST HIS BONDS!



THE SHERIFF WOULDN'T HANG  
LITTLE JOHN SO FAST! HE WOULD  
MAKE *CAPITAL* OF THE CAP-  
TURE! SO IMPORTANT A MEMBER  
OF MY BAND WOULD MERIT A  
PUBLIC HANGING IN  
NOTTINGHAM!

TAKE OFF  
YOUR CLOTHING,  
GUY! QUICK!

Y-YES!  
ANYTHING  
YOU SAY!



WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

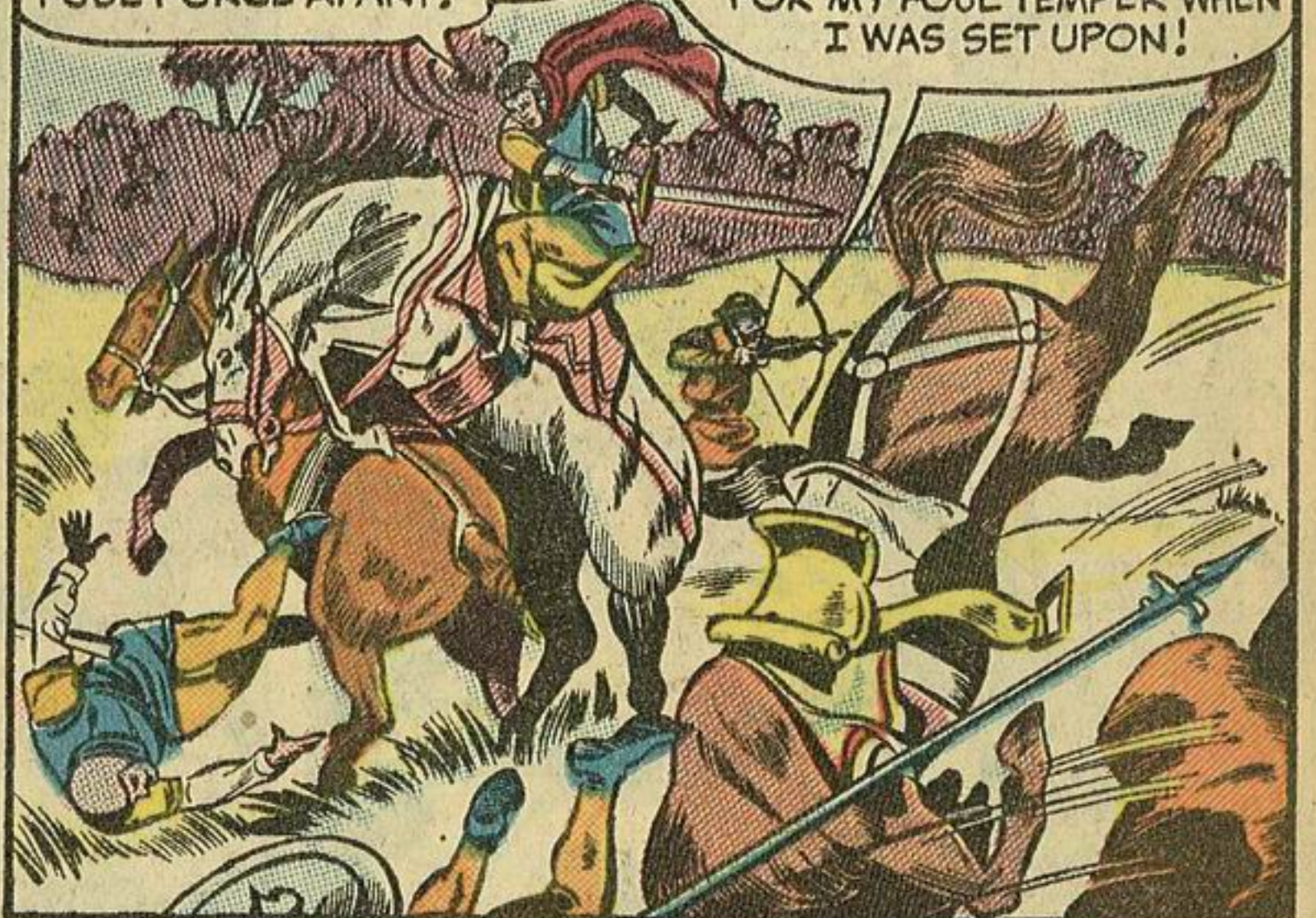
FREEING MY GOOD FRIEND LITTLE  
JOHN, TO WHOM I OWE THE DEEPEST  
OF APOLOGIES! TAKE THIS BOW, PUNY  
ONE!

R-ROBIN!  
'TIS YOU!



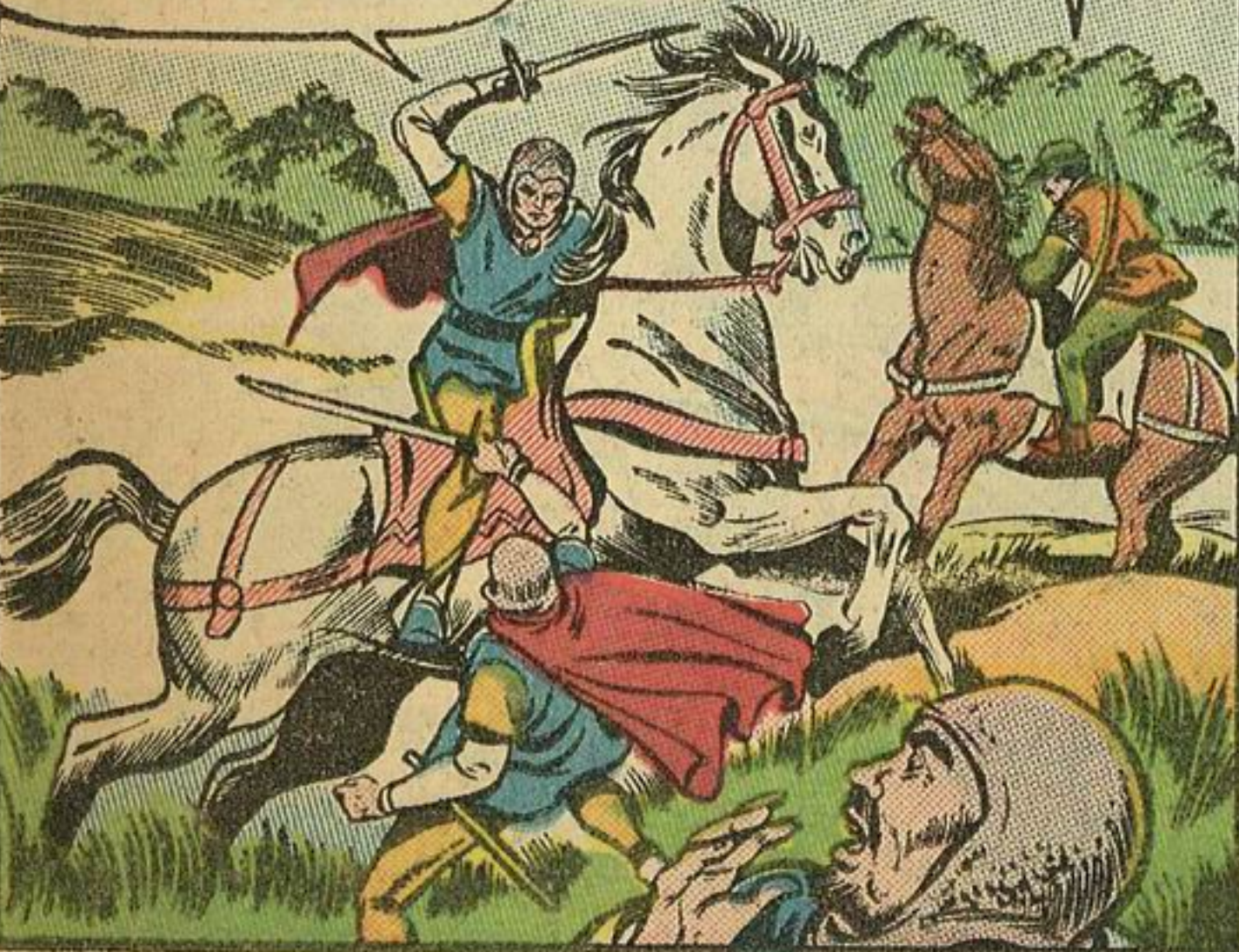
NONE OTHER! I REGRETTED MY  
ACTIONS THE INSTANT YOU LEFT  
THE CAMP! LET'S TAKE THIS  
FOUL FORCE APART!

AYE, MASTER! I WAS RETURN-  
ING TO CAMP *MYSELF* TO  
BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS  
FOR MY FOUL TEMPER WHEN  
I WAS SET UPON!



THIS IS LIKE *OLD* TIMES, TALL ONE!  
FIGHTING THE OPPRESSORS, SIDE BY  
SIDE, GIVING MORE THAN WE TAKE!  
MOUNT THE STEED!

RIGHT,  
ROBIN!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT ROBIN HOOD'S CAMP...

SERVE THE ROAST VENISON,  
YOU ROGUES! I HAVE AN  
APPETITE ALMOST AS BIG  
AS THIS VARLET WHO  
RIDES BEHIND ME!

YOU *SEE*, WILL? FAST  
FRIENDS MAY QUARREL,  
BUT THEY CAN NEVER *PART*!  
THAT WHICH HOLDS ROBIN'S  
MERRY BAND TOGETHER  
CAN *NEVER*  
BE DISSOLVED!





# Robin Hood

AS EVERYONE KNOWS, ROBIN HOOD FOUGHT FOR JUSTICE AND THE COMMON MAN! LIVING IN AN AGE WHEN THE LAW WAS MOST OFTEN IN LEAGUE WITH THE RICH TO SUBDUCE THE POOR, ROBIN HOOD BATTLED FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE UNPRIVILEGED AGAINST THE HAUGHTY FEW! THUS, ONE DAY, WHEN ROBIN AND HIS BAND ENTERED THE TOWN OF BODDINGTON, WHOSE PEOPLE ROBIN HAD BEFRIENDED ON COUNTLESS OCCASIONS, ROBIN WAS SHOCKED TO THE MARROW TO LEARN THAT BODDINGTON HAD SUDDENLY BECOME...

## AN ARSENAL OF HATE





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

THE MAIDENS BLEW KISSES AT US!  
THE PEOPLE GAVE US GIFTS OF  
FOOD AND CLOTHING! TRA-LA-LA!  
TRA-LA-LA!

AYE, ALAN A DALE! BUT  
HOW WILL THEY RE-  
CEIVE US *NOW*...THAT  
WE'VE BEEN AWAY FOR  
TWO MONTHS?



LIKE OLD FRIENDS,  
FRIAR TUCK! HOW  
ELSE?

HUMAN MEMORY IS SHORT,  
GOOD ROBIN! PEOPLE FORGET!  
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND!



NAY, GOOD FRIAR! THOU ART  
TOO SCEPTICAL! THIS IS A  
MERRY SEASON! BROWN ALE  
LIES RIPENING IN THE CELLAR,  
HAMS AND BACON HANG IN  
THE SMOKE SHED! THE  
MEMORY OF OUR GOOD  
DEEDS WILL LIVE ON!  
THE PEOPLE WILL SHARE  
THEIR GOODS WITH US!

I AM OLDER THAN  
THEE, WILL STUTELY!  
AS THE SEASONS  
PASS, SO MEMORIES  
PASS FROM THE  
MINDS OF MEN! WE  
COME AND GO LIKE  
LEAVES OF THE TREE  
THAT FALL AND ARE  
SOON FORGOTTEN!



THY THOUGHTS ARE SAD,  
FRIAR! IF DEEDS OF PAST  
HELP ARE SO EASILY  
FORGOTTEN, I WOULD  
LACK FAITH IN MEN  
GENERALLY!

IF THESE FOLK *HAVEN'T* FOR-  
GOTTEN US, BRAVE ROBIN, WHY  
DO THEY GLARE AT US IN *ANGER*?  
NOTICE THE GLANCES OF *HATRED*  
THAT FOLLOW US EVERYWHERE!



MARRY! 'TIS *TRUE*,  
ROBIN! EVERYONE  
STARES AT US AS  
IF WE WERE  
*THIEVES*,  
NOT FRIENDS!  
CAN THIS BE  
BODDINGTON?

I HEAR THEM  
MUTTERING  
UNDER THEIR  
BREATH! THEY  
SPEAK OF  
DRIVING US  
OUT OF TOWN!



FOR SHAME,  
ROGUES! GET  
THEE HENCE!  
HAVE YE'NOT  
CAUSED  
*ENOUGH*  
HARM?

BY MY SOUL,  
LADS! SOMETHING  
IS SORELY AMISS!  
THE FOLK HERE  
REGARD US AS  
THEIR ENEMIES!  
I-IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE!



EVEN THE WEE  
ONES DISLIKE US!

LIARS!

THE  
ROGUES  
FLAUNT  
THEIR  
WRONG-  
DOINGS  
IN OUR  
FACES!

BETRAYERS!





# ROBIN HOOD TALES

HOLD! HAVE THE PEOPLE OF BODDINGTON FORGOTTEN THEIR FRIEND, ROBIN HOOD?

**FRIEND?** NO FRIEND WAS EVER MORE OF AN ENEMY! THOU STEALEST THE BREAD FROM OUR MOUTHS! NOT A NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT THY BAND BREAKING INTO ANOTHER HOUSE!

THOU ART JESTING WITH ME! MY BAND HAS NOT BEEN WITHIN LEAGUES OF BODDINGTON FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS!

THOU SPEAKEST A FALSEHOOD! THOU ART THE SCOURGE OF BODDINGTON! TOWNSPEOPLE, DRIVE THE VILLAINS OUT OF TOWN! OUT WITH THEM! OUT!

T-THEY'VE GONE MAD, ROBIN! CAN'T YOU APPEAL TO THEM?

NAY, LITTLE JOHN! THEY ARE IN NO MOOD FOR APPEALS! WE MUST SEEK REFUGE NOW!

FOLLOW ME, LADS! IF THEY CLOSE IN ON US, WE ARE UNDONE!

VILLAINS! THOU **PRETENDED** FRIENDSHIP... ONLY TO ROB US THE **BETTER**!

INTO THIS SIDE LANE! QUICKLY!

I-IT IS HOPELESS, ROBIN! THE SIDE LANES ARE CROWDED! THE **WHOLE TOWN** IS AGAINST US!

YOU SEE? OUR PATH IS BLOCKED AGAIN!

ROBIN HOOD! **THIS** WAY!

WHO CALLS MY NAME? WHO SEEKS TO AID ROBIN HOOD?

MY NAME IS NOEL! MAKE HASTE! ENTER THIS HOUSE! THERE IS A SECRET TUNNEL BENEATH THE FLOORBOARDS!



# ROBIN HOOD TALES



LEADING TO WHERE?

TO **SAFETY**! TRUST ME, ROBIN! THOU HAST NO ALTERNATIVE!

COME! I WILL LEAD THE WAY!



WHO **ART** THOU THAT THOU WOULDST BEFRIEND ROBIN HOOD WHILST ALL BODDINGTON RISES AGAINST HIM?

A BELIEVER IN THY INNOCENCE! I AM NOEL, THE **NEW BAILIFF**! SUCCESSOR TO THE EVIL BAILIFF, DENNING, WHOM THOU SO WISELY SENT PACKING!



A GOOD BAILIFF? A WISE BAILIFF? A BAILIFF WHO TAKES THE SIDE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

BELIEVE ME, GOOD ROBIN! THOU HAST ENCOUNTERED ONE NOW! MY ACTIONS SHALL **PROVE IT**! PROCEED WITHOUT FEAR!



I DISBELIEVE NOEL, ROBIN! THE BAILIFF WHO HELPS THE **COMMON MAN** IS RARE! BAILIFFS ARE **OFF** THE GREEDY HIRELINGS OF THE ROBBER BARONS!

I AGREE WITH THEE, GOOD FRIAR! BUT WE ARE NO BETTER OFF IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB! LET US SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



**SHORTLY AFTER...**

ENTER WITHOUT FEAR, ROBIN! IT IS MY HEAD-QUARTERS!

MORE LIKELY A **LION'S MOUTH** WE ARE FOOLISHLY PUTTING OUR HEADS INTO!



A CLEVER IDEA, NAY? I HAVE BUILT SEVERAL SUCH TUNNELS! THEY ENABLE ME TO REACH ANY PART OF TOWN UNSEEN!

SPEAKING OF UNSEEN THINGS, NOEL... HOW CAN ROBIN HOOD HAVE BEEN **SEEN** ROBBING THE PEOPLE OF BODDINGTON WHEN ROBIN HOOD HAS **NOT** BEEN NEAR HERE FOR SIXTY DAYS!



PERHAPS BECAUSE ROBIN HOOD WAS NOT AWAY... BUT ONLY PRETENDED TO BE AWAY!

I AM **NO LIAR**, BAILIFF! I WAS AWAY! MOREOVER, I AM NO ROBBER! FOR YEARS HAVE I PROTECTED BODDINGTON AGAINST ROBBERS... PARTICULARLY ROBBERS IN HIGH OFFICE, LIKE THE **LAST BAILIFF**!



ROBIN HOOD TALES

ANOTHER THING! IF THE WHOLE TOWN BELIEVES I AM A THIEF, HOW IS IT THAT YOU, THE NEW BAILIFF, WHO IS SWORN TO **CATCH** THIEVES, **RESCUES** ME INSTEAD?

BECAUSE I KNOW YOUR REPUTATION FOR HONESTY AND GOODNESS! IF YOU SAY YOU WEREN'T NEAR BODDINGTON, I BELIEVE YOU!

THEN IF I DIDN'T COMMIT THE ROBBERIES, WHO DID? WHO ARE THE **IMPOSTORS**? WHO COMMITTED THESE CRIMES IN MY NAME?

I DON'T KNOW...NOR HAVE YOU TIME TO FIND OUT! YOU'RE NOT SAFE **HERE**! WHEN THE MOB FINDS OUT I AM HARBORING YOU, THEY WILL TEAR THIS HOUSE APART, STONE BY STONE!

NO, BAILIFF! HERE I STAY! I HAVE A PUZZLE TO SOLVE! THE ANSWER LIES HERE IN BODDINGTON!

**FORGET** BODDINGTON! LET ME ESCORT YOU TO THE SAFETY OF SHERWOOD FOREST!

MY **REPUTATION** IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY SAFETY, BAILIFF! SOMEBODY HAS PLAYED THE IMPOSTOR! SOMEONE **COS-TUMED** HIMSELF AS ROBIN HOOD! I MUST LEARN WHO IT WAS!

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

WAIT HERE, BAILIFF, AND KEEP MY MEN SAFE! I'LL RETURN ANON!

AS YOU PLEASE, FORESTER!

PSST...ROBIN! I LIKE THIS BAILIFF NOT! HE IS TOO SLIPPERY, TOO SMILING TO BE HONEST!

I SHARE THY OPINION, GOOD FRIAR! IT WOULD BE BEST THAT THOU GUARDEST HIM, RATHER THAN HE GUARD YOU! COURAGE! I WILL SOON HAVE AN EXPLANATION OF THIS MYSTERY!

**MINUTES LATER, ON THE STREETS OF BODDINGTON...**

HMMM...THE CROWDS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR US! THE IMPOSTORS' CRIMES MUST'VE SORELY UPSET THEM!



# ROBIN HOOD TALES



I WILL QUESTION THE FREQUENTERS OF THIS TAVERN! HMM... THAT STOUT LAD IN THE CORNER LOOKS LIKE A BORN GOSSIP!



WHAT NEWS, FRIEND? I AM A STRANGER IN BODDINGTON AND WOULD EXCHANGE THIS FOAMING TANKARD OF SPICED ALE FOR THE LATEST GOSSIP!

A BARGAIN, TRAVELER! TO BEGIN WITH, ALL BODDINGTON BUZZES WITH ANGER AT ROBIN HOOD AND HIS BAND!



LATER...

SO, YOU SEE, ROBIN HOOD PRETENDED TO BE OUR FRIEND ONLY TO LOWER OUR GUARD AGAINST HIS LATER ROBBERIES!

HMMM... I DON'T BLAME THE PEOPLE FOR RISING AGAINST US AFTER THIS RECITAL OF CRUELTY AND CRIME! THOSE WHO IMPERSONATED US DESERVE THE STRONGEST PUNISHMENT!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE TAVERN BURSTS OPEN AND THE CROWD PRESSES IN...



THERE HE IS! **ROBIN HOOD!** DISGUISED IN A CLOAK!

IT'S THE BAILIFF'S MAN! HE'S BETRAYED ME!



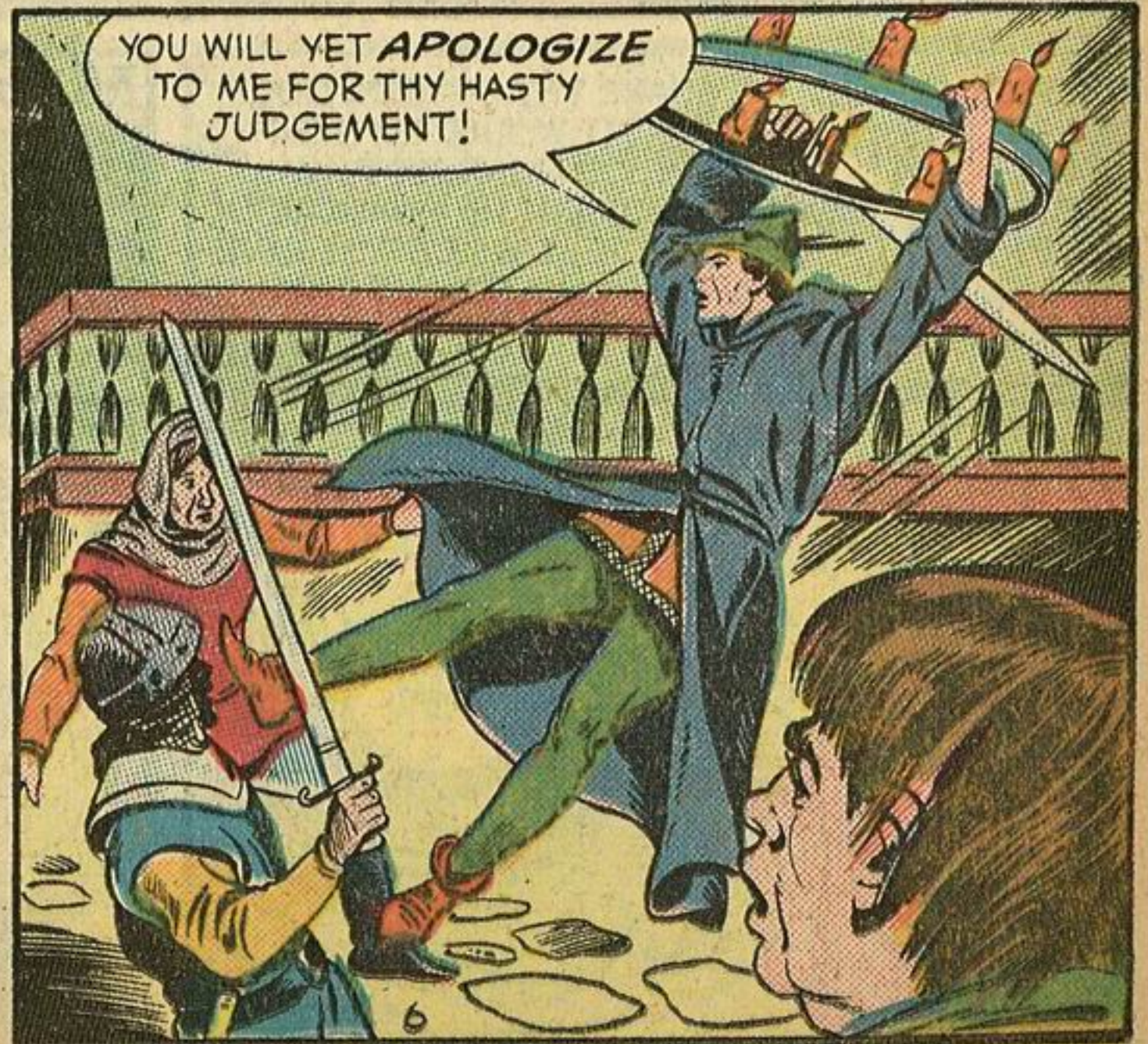
**R-ROBIN HOOD?** I SAT ACROSS THE TABLE FROM ROBIN HOOD?

AYE! THE **TRUE** ROBIN HOOD! THE FRIEND OF ALL OF YE! I'VE BEEN SORELY WRONGED BY IMPOSTORS PARADING IN MY COSTUME!



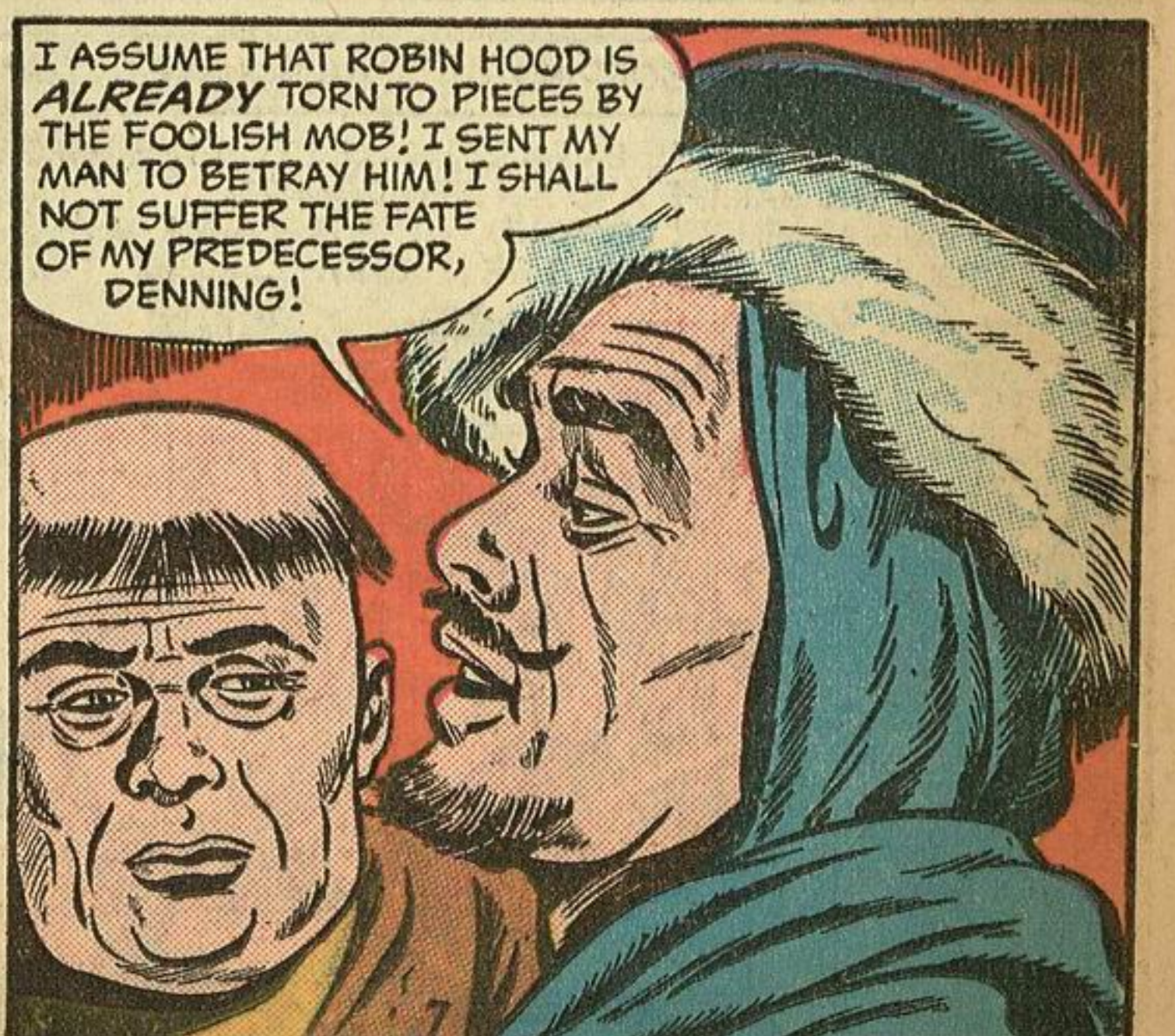
HEED HIM NOT! 'TIS **ANOTHER** LIE HE TELLS YOU... JUST AS HE PRETENDED TO BE YOUR PROTECTOR!

LOOK NOW, FOOLISH FOLK OF BODDINGTON! YOU WILL SOON KNOW THE TRUE PRETENDER!



YOU WILL YET **APOLOGIZE** TO ME FOR THY HASTY JUDGEMENT!







# ROBIN HOOD TALES



I SHALL ROB AND TERRORIZE THE PEOPLE AT MY PLEASURE WITH NO INTERFERENCE FROM ROBIN HOOD! OHHHH!

NAY, ROGUE! THOU ART **INTERFERED WITH** ALREADY!



MEN, THESE SCOUNDRELS **IMPERSONATED** US! SHOW THEM WHAT ROBIN'S MERRY BAND REALLY CAN DO!

AYE, ROBIN! WE ARE AT OUR **BEST** AGAINST EVIL BAILIFFS!



GOOD! I'LL HAVE THESE WINDOWS BOLTED IN A MOMENT!



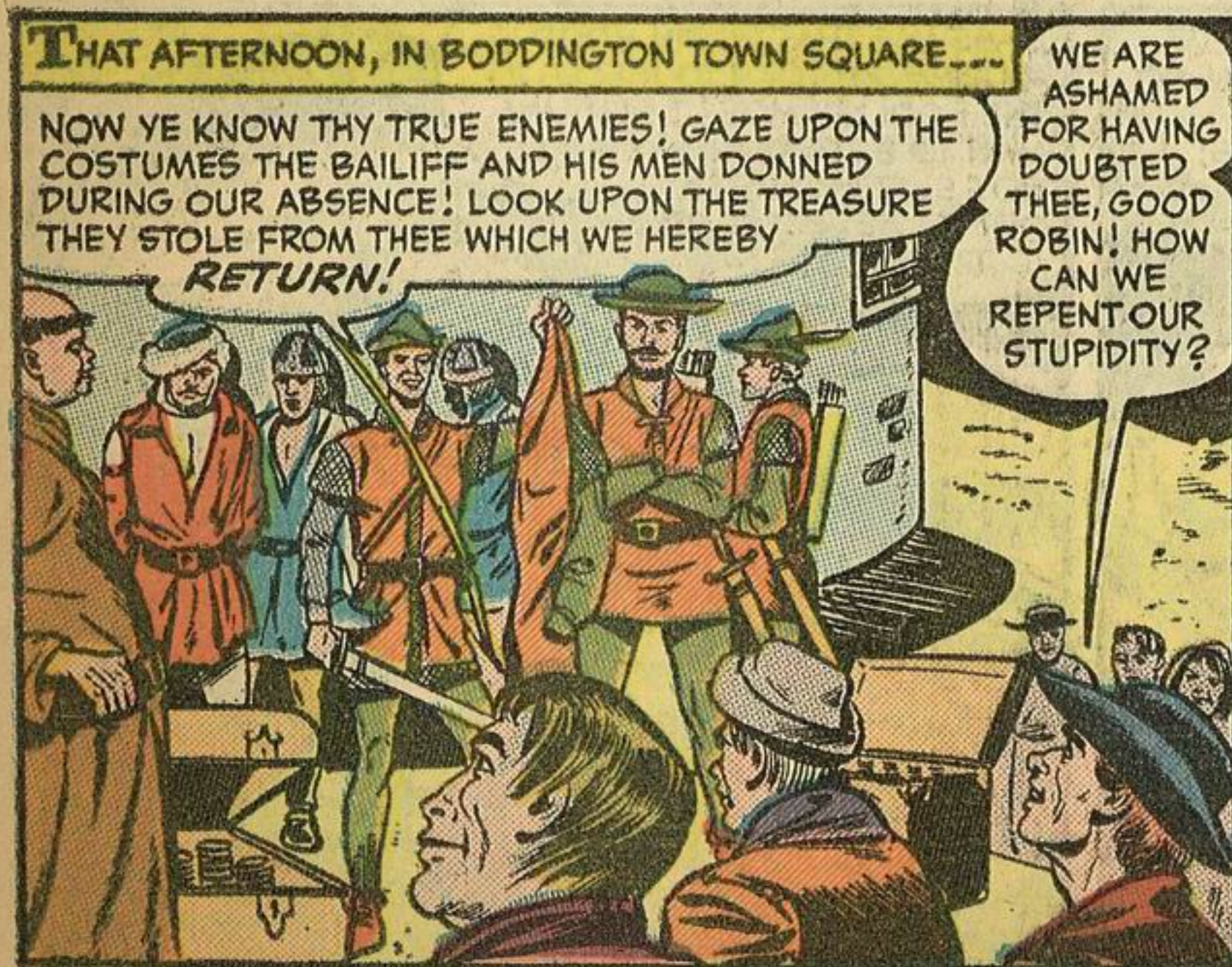
YE TRIED TO BLACKEN OUR FAIR NAME! HERE'S A BLACKENING ON YOUR EYES!

LOOK OUT, ALAN! BEHIND YOU!



YE'RE GOOD AT BACK-STABBING, BAILIFF! BUT ONLY WHEN WE'RE NOT AROUND TO STOP YE!

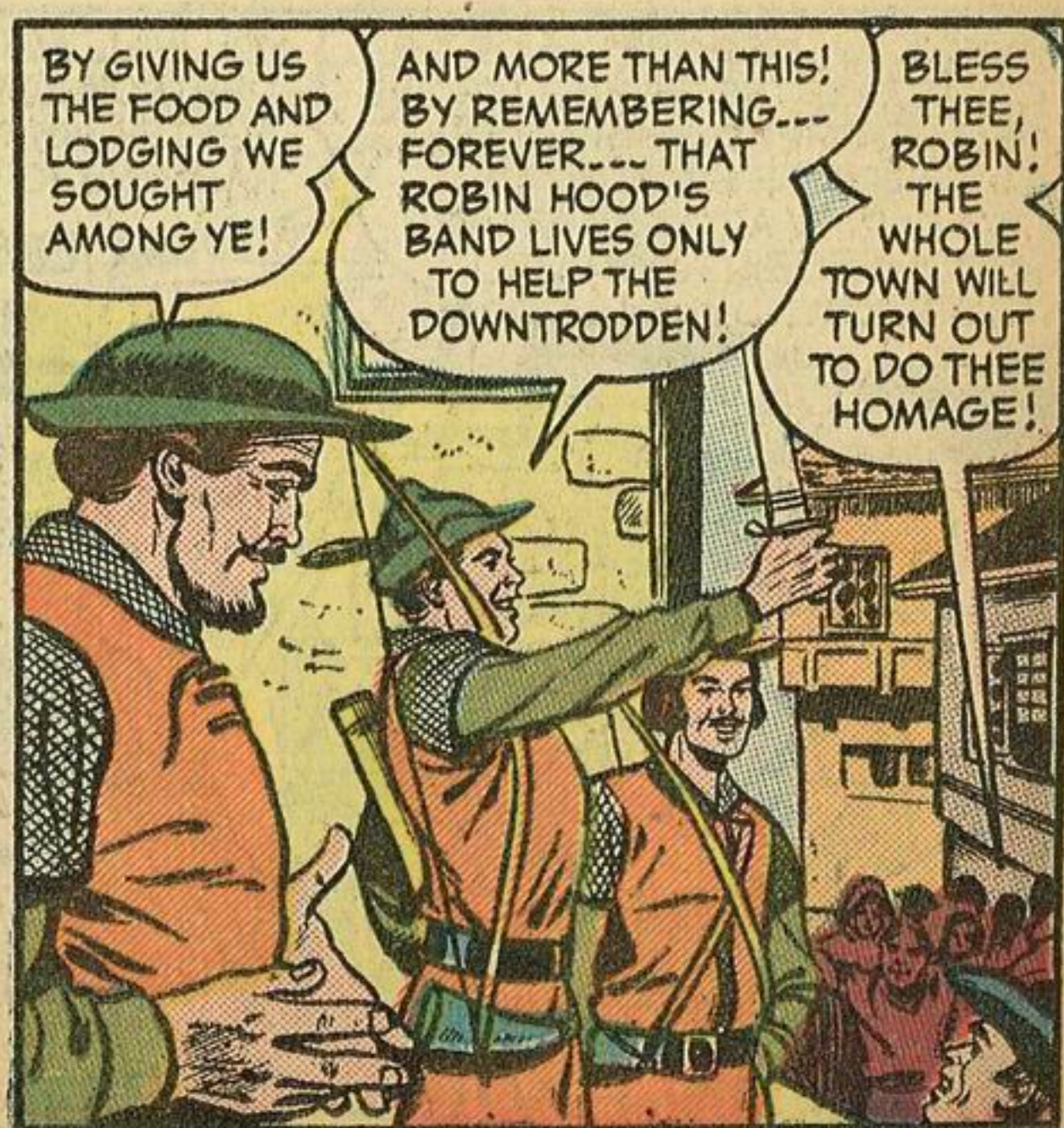
YIIIIIIII!



THAT AFTERNOON, IN BODDINGTON TOWN SQUARE...

NOW YE KNOW THY TRUE ENEMIES! GAZE UPON THE COSTUMES THE BAILIFF AND HIS MEN DONNED DURING OUR ABSENCE! LOOK UPON THE TREASURE THEY STOLE FROM THEE WHICH WE HEREBY **RETURN!**

WE ARE ASHAMED FOR HAVING DOUBTED THEE, GOOD ROBIN! HOW CAN WE REPENT OUR STUPIDITY?



BY GIVING US THE FOOD AND LODGING WE SOUGHT AMONG YE!

AND MORE THAN THIS! BY REMEMBERING... FOREVER... THAT ROBIN HOOD'S BAND LIVES ONLY TO HELP THE DOWNTRODDEN!

BLESS THEE, ROBIN! THE WHOLE TOWN WILL TURN OUT TO DO THEE HOMAGE!



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# The Three Thieves

**T**IMOTHY the Thin, Benjamin the Brave (so-named because of his cowardice) and Fred Plout were in the act of drinking the cool water of Fieldmont Pond one hot afternoon when a familiar voice sounded behind their backs. "On your feet, knaves!" the voice snapped, "and don't reach for your swords!" commanded the well-known voice. They obeyed, terrifiedly. They staggered to their feet to face the grim countenance of the Sheriff of Fieldmont, Hugh of Courtland! Hugh was one of the few incorruptible Sheriffs in that section of Britain. Always tempering justice with mercy, Hugh was no toady to the robber barons or greedy money-lenders! Immensely popular with the common folk, who loved and trusted him, Hugh preserved in the County of Fieldmont what was scarcely known *outside* Fieldmont . . . law and justice!

"W-what dost thou want of us?" stammered Timothy the Thin. Hugh's eye pierced Timothy's soul with a hard glance. "The truth!" snapped Hugh. "Macheath the Butcher was robbed last evening! Macheath said three men set upon him, boxed his ears till he was senseless, then made off with his store of carefully saved, hard-earned gold!"

Fred Plout's eyes popped with magnificent innocence. "But we are innocent!"

Hugh's cold gaze stopped Fred Plout in mid-sentence. "Silence, rogue! Thy words are as meaningless as the grunting of pigs! Thou wouldst lie thy own *mother* into a dungeon!" Hugh indicated the three cross-bow men who stood behind him, grimly covering the three rogues. "We're taking you into Fieldmont! We want Macheath the Butcher to see you! If thou art the thieves, thou wilt know the inside of a dungeon for more years than thou canst count! Try to escape en route and my men will shoot thee down!"

Three paler men than Fred Plout, Timothy the Thin and Benjamin the Brave never walked into Fieldmont. "I hope thy pallor foreshadows thy guilt!" said Hugh of Courtland. For a year I have been trying to apprehend thee! Though thou hast committed a hundred crimes, I have not been able to prove one at thy expense, owing to thy slyness or the terror of the victims!" In his heart, Hugh knew fear, too! Fear of the cowardice of the trio's victims! Apparently every victim had been warned that dreadful reprisals from friends of the thieves would follow any revelation of their misdeeds! Would Macheath the Butcher follow in the footsteps of the victims before him and lose heart when confronted with the thieves?

As it turned out, he *did* fail Hugh! When brought into the presence of the three thieves, a cold sweat broke out on Macheath's brow. Hugh's heart sank. He knew what was running through the Butcher's mind. That if he spoke against the three thieves, unknown friends of the villains would punish him unmercifully.

"Are these the men who robbed you, Macheath?" asked Hugh. Fred Plout glared at the fearful butcher. Macheath began to stammer. "I—I'm not sure. The l-light wasn't good." Fred Plout kept staring fixedly at the unhappy butcher, like a snake paralyzing a rabbit. Macheath swallowed hard and shook his head. "N-no, Sheriff. These aren't the robbers. I—I'm sure of it!" he muttered.

Hugh turned grimly to the grinning trio. "Thou hast scared this fool to deny his own eyesight!" Then Hugh turned witheringly to Macheath. "Get thee hence! Thou deservest to be robbed if thou hast not the nerve to help catch the criminals!"

Hugh nodded to his men. "Release these rogues! They have cheated justice once more! But *one* of these days . . ." Fred Plout laughed.

That night the three rogues were celebrating their freedom at the Boar's Ear Tavern in Fieldmont. Tossing off many a quart of sack, they roared with amusement, recalling the cowardice of Macheath the Butcher. Suddenly they stopped laughing. A bearded traveller, dressed in velvet and silk, entered the tavern. They watched him silently, with bated breath, as he approached the bar and asked for a tankard of ale. They winced as they saw him pay from a fat bag of gold. Timothy nudged the other two and nodded. Quietly, all struck by the same thought, the three thieves walked to the door and went outside. Benjamin the Brave grinned as he pointed to the solitary horse tethered there. All three had the same thought.

They walked to the end of the street and waited in the shadows. Fifteen minutes later, the bearded stranger came along, walking his horse slowly. A moment later he was dragged to the ground. Timothy the Thin held a sword to the stranger's chest. "Your gold," he hissed. Fearfully the stranger handed Benjamin his sack of gold.

Fred Plout grabbed the stranger by his collar and pulled him close. "Listen, fool! If thou lovest thy life, thou wilt not report this robbery to Hugh of Courtland! Forget thou ever sawest us! Identify us and thou wilt not live to gloat over our punishment! We have many friends who will avenge us if harm comes to us! *Understand?*"

The terrified traveller nodded. The three thieves leaped upon their horses and galloped down the road. Soon they left the streets of Fieldmont behind them. But they had no sooner turned the bend in the road, a half mile from town, when they reined up sharply. A half dozen cross-bow men were blocking their path. The three thieves turned as pale as the moonlight. "Stand still or thou art finished!" exclaimed one bow-man!

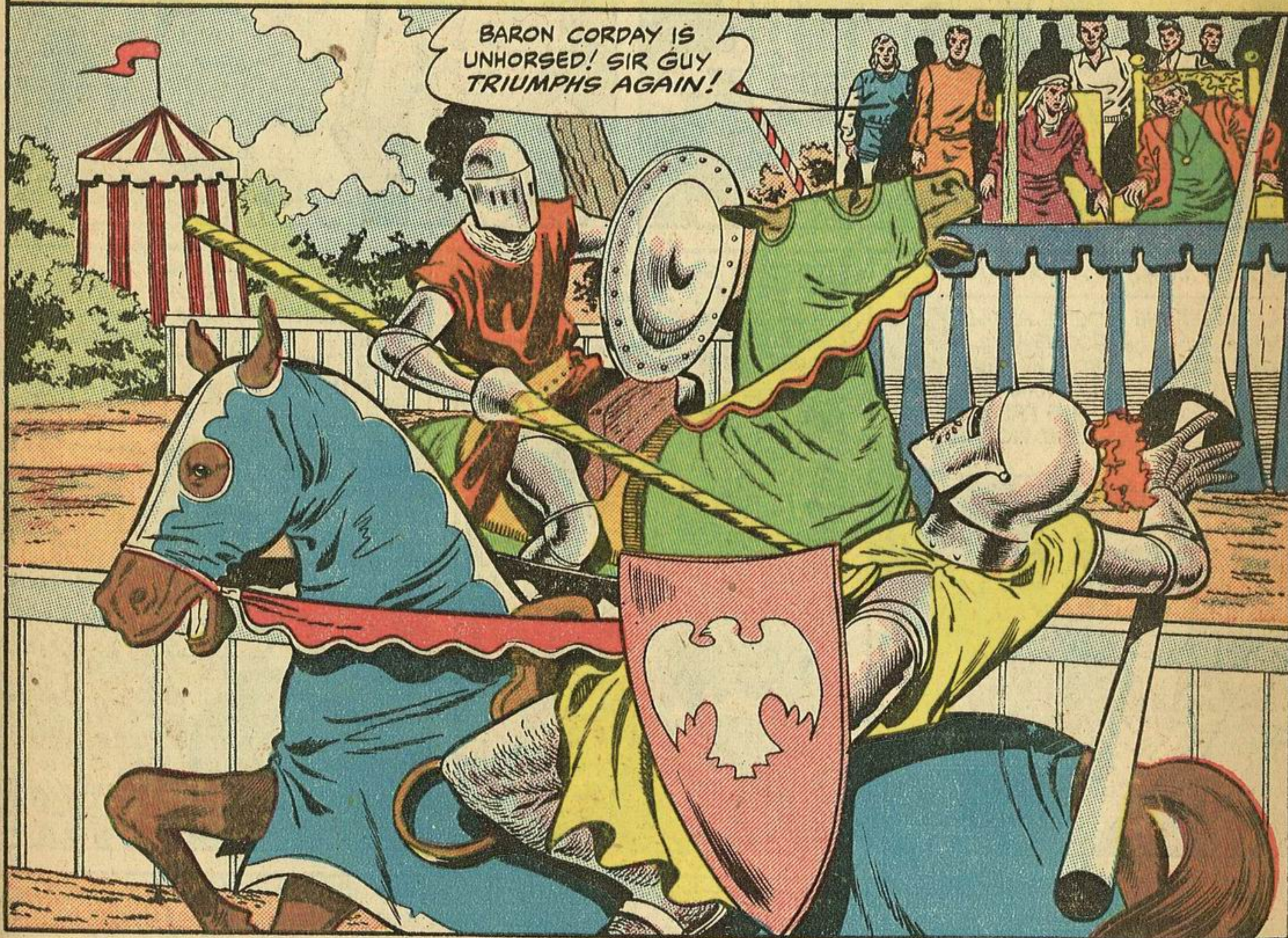
"What dost t-thou want with us?" stammered Fred Plout. Instead of answering, one of the bowmen came forward and searched the trio. Grimly, he ripped the stolen sack from Timothy's belt. Holding it up, his eye swept coldly over the three worried rogues. "You stole this!" he accused. "You're coming back to town to face thy victim!"

An hour later, the trio stood face to face with the rich stranger. Fred Plout stared coldly, menacingly, at the man, his eyes sending him a fierce warning. "Are these the thieves?" one of the Sheriff's men asked the stranger. The three thieves caught their breath. Fred Plout's eyes bore into the stranger's. But the stranger only smiled, nodding. "They are!" The trio shrieked in dismay. The more they shrieked, the more the stranger grinned. "I figured it was time you robbed someone who *wasn't* afraid to identify you!" he said, tearing the beard and mustache from his face. Timothy sank to the floor, groaning. Benjamin tore his hair. Fred Plout fainted. Before them stood *Hugh of Courtland*, looking as triumphant as JUSTICE itself!



# SIR GUY'S WORST FATE

SIR GUY DE MANDEVILLE LIVED BY A STRANGE CODE OF ETHICS! HIS "HONOR" WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO HIM THAN HIS LIFE... OR ANY MAN'S LIFE! SO IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT, ACCORDING TO SIR GUY'S OWN LAWS OF SOCIAL BEHAVIOR, AN ACT OF CHIVALRY SHOULD BRING ABOUT A DEFEAT WORSE TO HIM THAN DEATH ITSELF!



MY HONOR IS NOW SATISFIED! BARON CORDAY IS DEFEATED!

B-BRAVELY DONE, SIR GUY! NO ONE IN THE LAND IS FIT TO JOUST WITH THEE!



WHY DOES THIS KING PRAISE SIR GUY? EVERYBODY KNEW BARON CORDAY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIS LANCE!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! SIR GUY WILL HEAR YOU AND PICK A QUARREL WITH YOU!

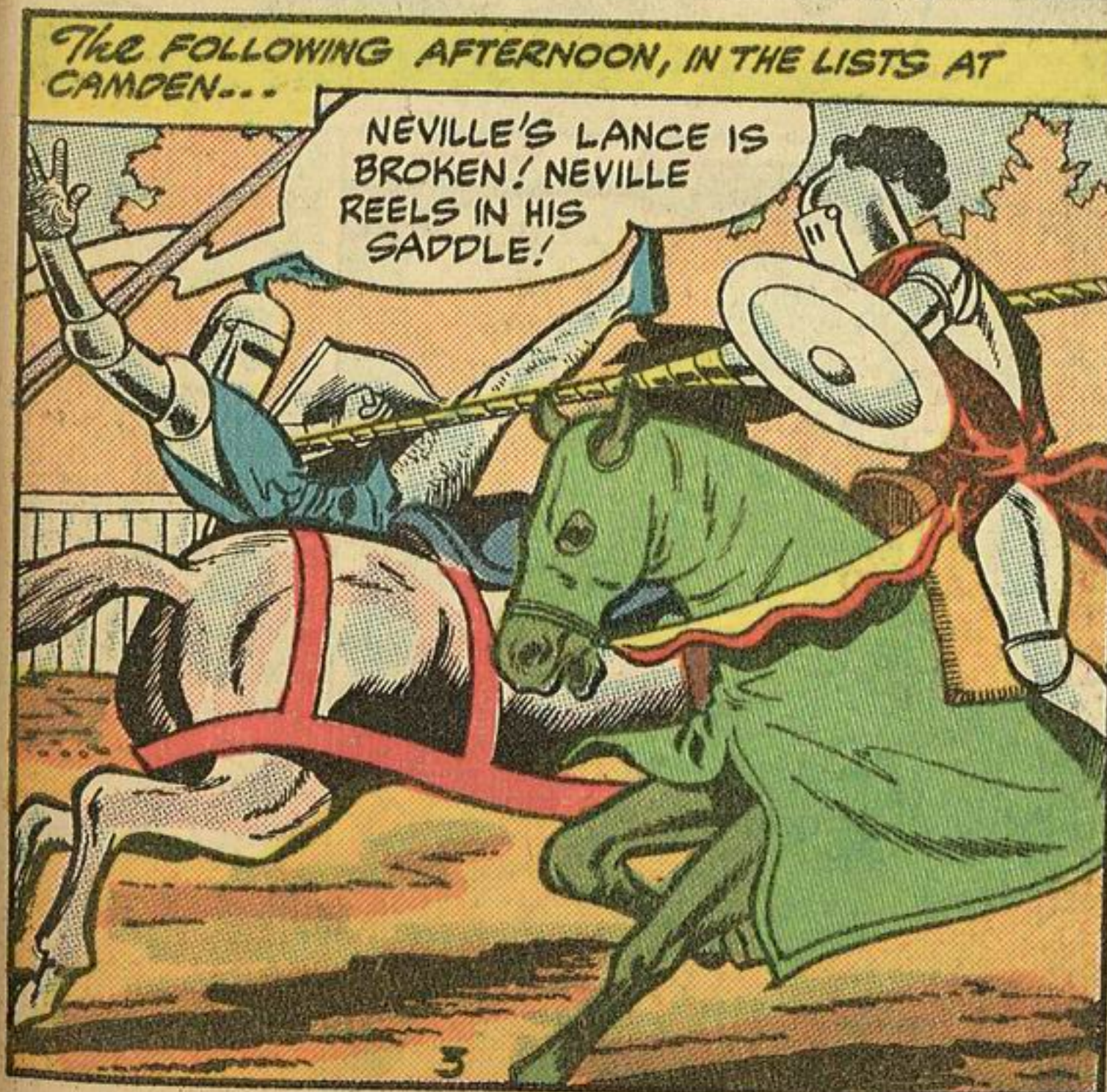
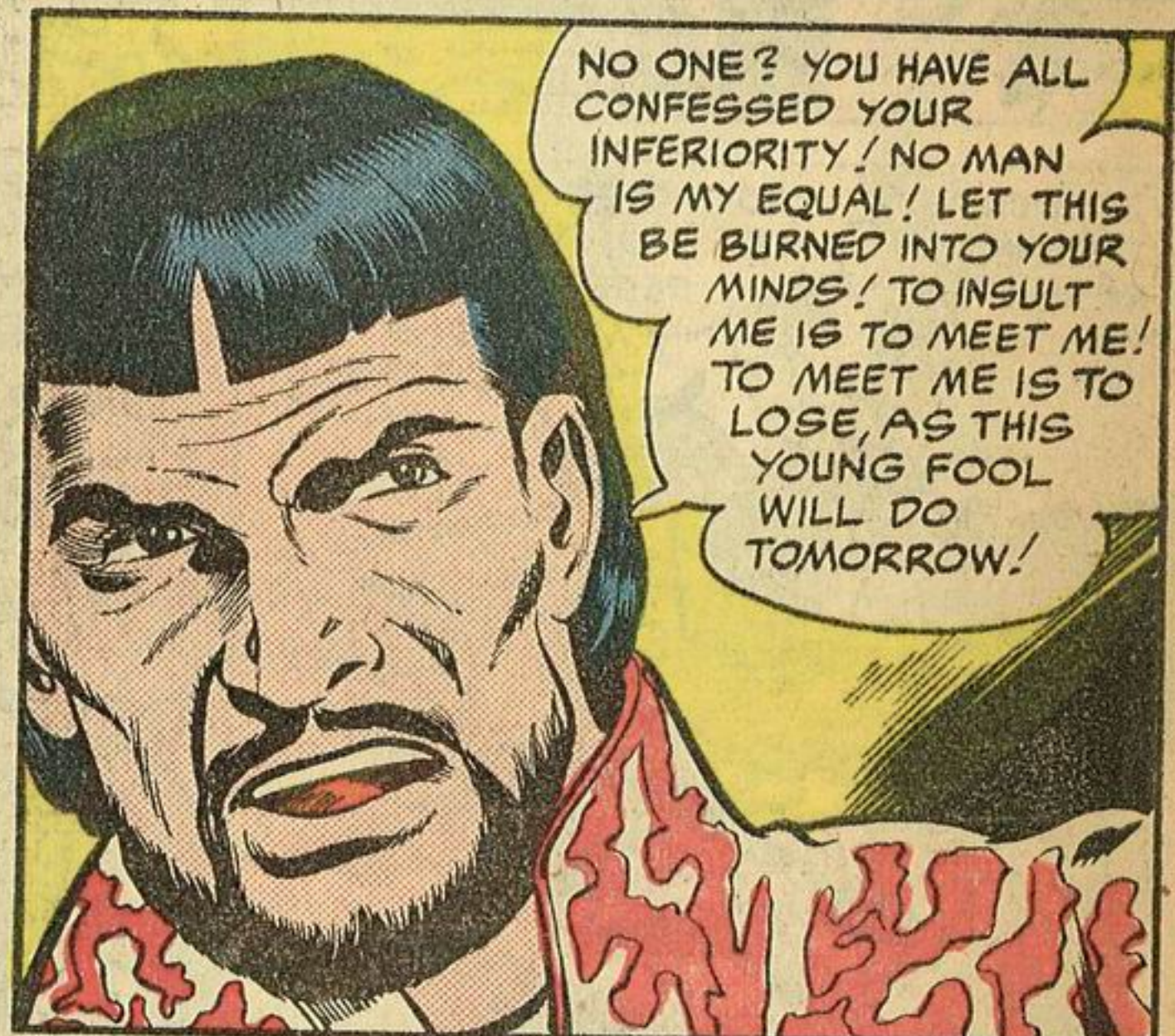
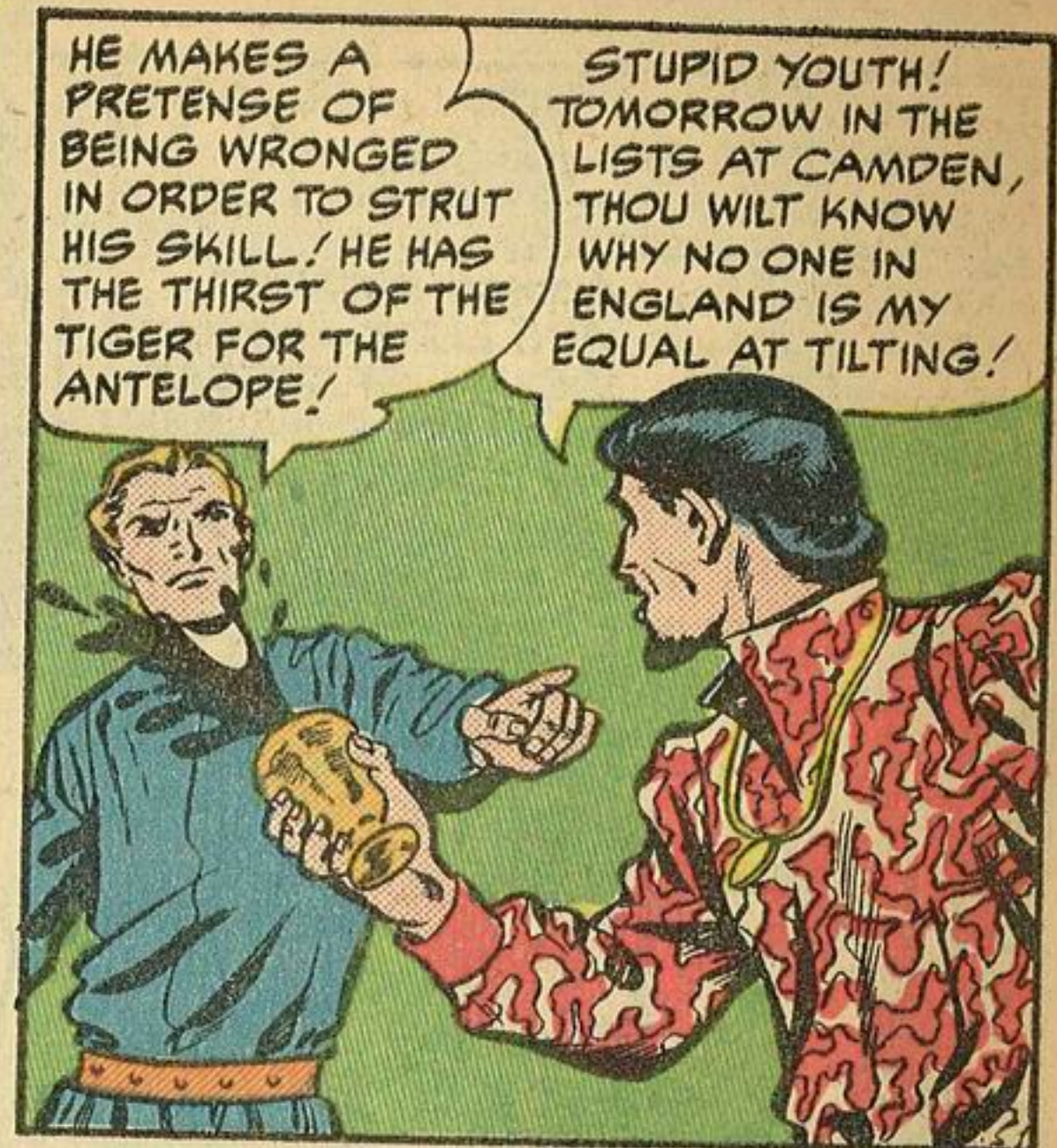




# ROBIN HOOD TALES









# ROBIN HOOD TALES



RASH YOUTH! LOOK UPON THE FATE OF THY BROTHER AND BEGONE BEFORE I TAKE THEE ON NEXT!

THOU HAST FOULLY BEATEN MY BROTHER! I SAY FOULLY BECAUSE THOU ENTERED THE LISTS KNOWING THOU MUST DEFEAT HIM! THE CHIVALROUS MAN TAKES ON HIS EQUAL, NOT HIS INFERIOR!



I AM THY EQUAL! I HAVE LEARNED TRICKS IN THE HOLY LAND FROM HEATHEN RIDERS! I DEMAND SATISFACTION!

THOU WILT RECEIVE DEFEAT FROM MY LANCE! TO HORSE!



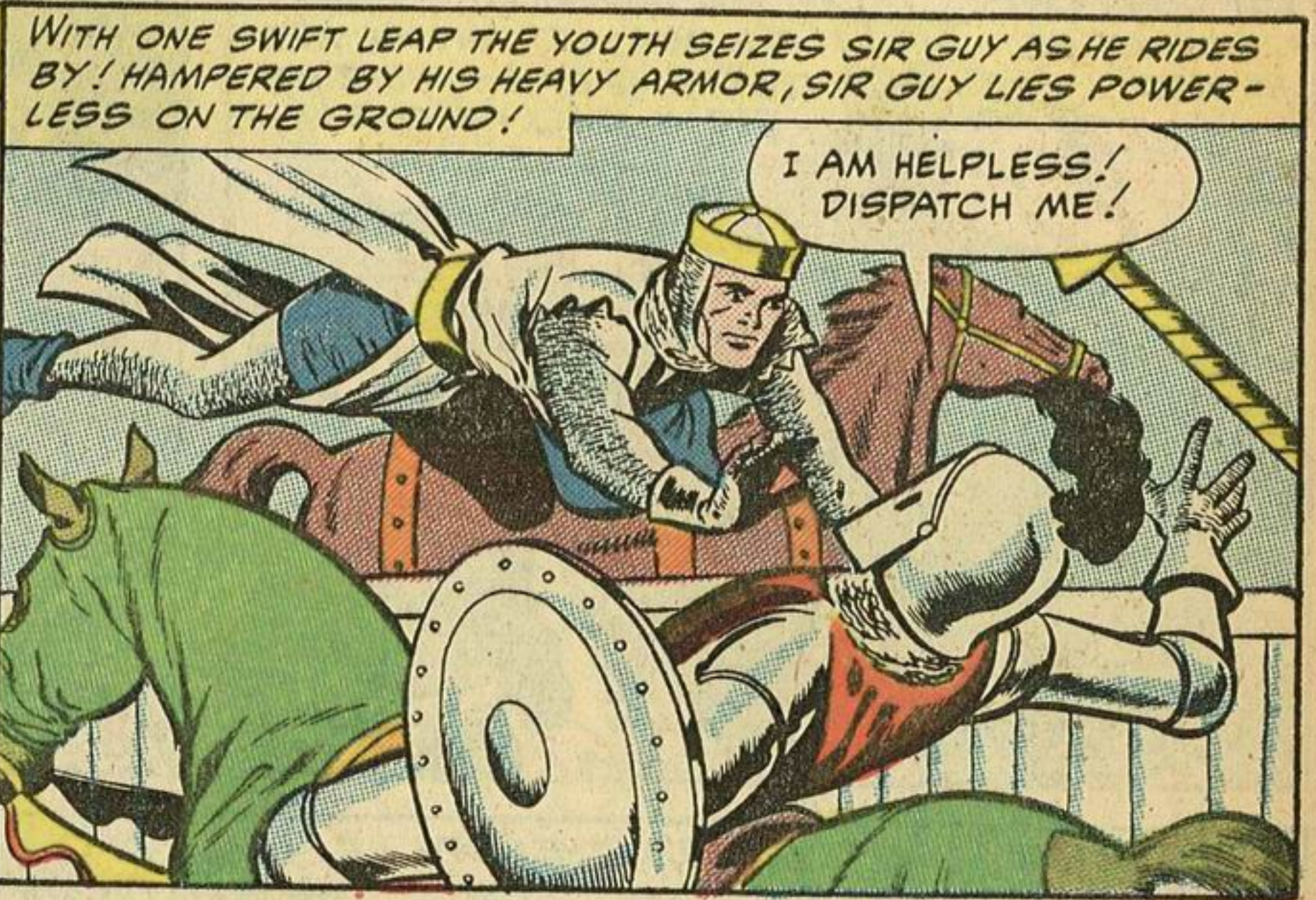
THE TRUMPETS BLARE! THE ONLOOKERS FALL SILENT! THE HORSES' HOOVES THUNDER IN THE QUIET ARENA! BUT SIR GUY'S CONFIDENCE SUDDENLY TURNS TO PANIC!

I-I HAVE NO TARGET! THE YOUTH HIDES BEHIND HIS MOUNT!



Z-ZOUNDS! I CANNOT REACH HIM!

I TOLD THEE THE HEATHEN RIDERS OF THE EASTERN DESERT TAUGHT ME TRICKS! WATCH THIS!



WITH ONE SWIFT LEAP THE YOUTH SEIZES SIR GUY AS HE RIDES BY! HAMPERED BY HIS HEAVY ARMOR, SIR GUY LIES POWERLESS ON THE GROUND!

I AM HELPLESS! DISPATCH ME!



MORTIFIED BEYOND REASON, SIR GUY BEGS FOR THE FINAL BLOW TO BE DELIVERED!

S-SLAY ME! I BEG THEE! I CANNOT FACE MY PEERS! I CANNOT FACE THE FUTURE, KNOWING I HAVE BEEN BEATEN!

EXACTLY WHY I SHALL LET THEE LIVE! THY BOASTFUL, UNCHIVALROUS SPIRIT LIES ON THE GROUND, NOT THEE! LET THY PRIDE BE KILLED, SIR GUY! LET THY VICIOUS ARROGANCE BE FOREVER HUMILIATED!



N-NO! NO! SLAY ME! LET ME DIE!

BUT THE YOUTH TURNED AWAY... KNOWING HE MORTALLY DESTROYED THE VARLET SIR GUY DE MANDEVILLE! FOR SIR GUY HAD TO FACE A WORLD THAT KNEW HE WAS SECOND BEST! THIS, FOR HIS VAIN SOUL, WAS A DEATH SECOND TO NONE! TO LIVE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WAS INFERIOR WAS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!





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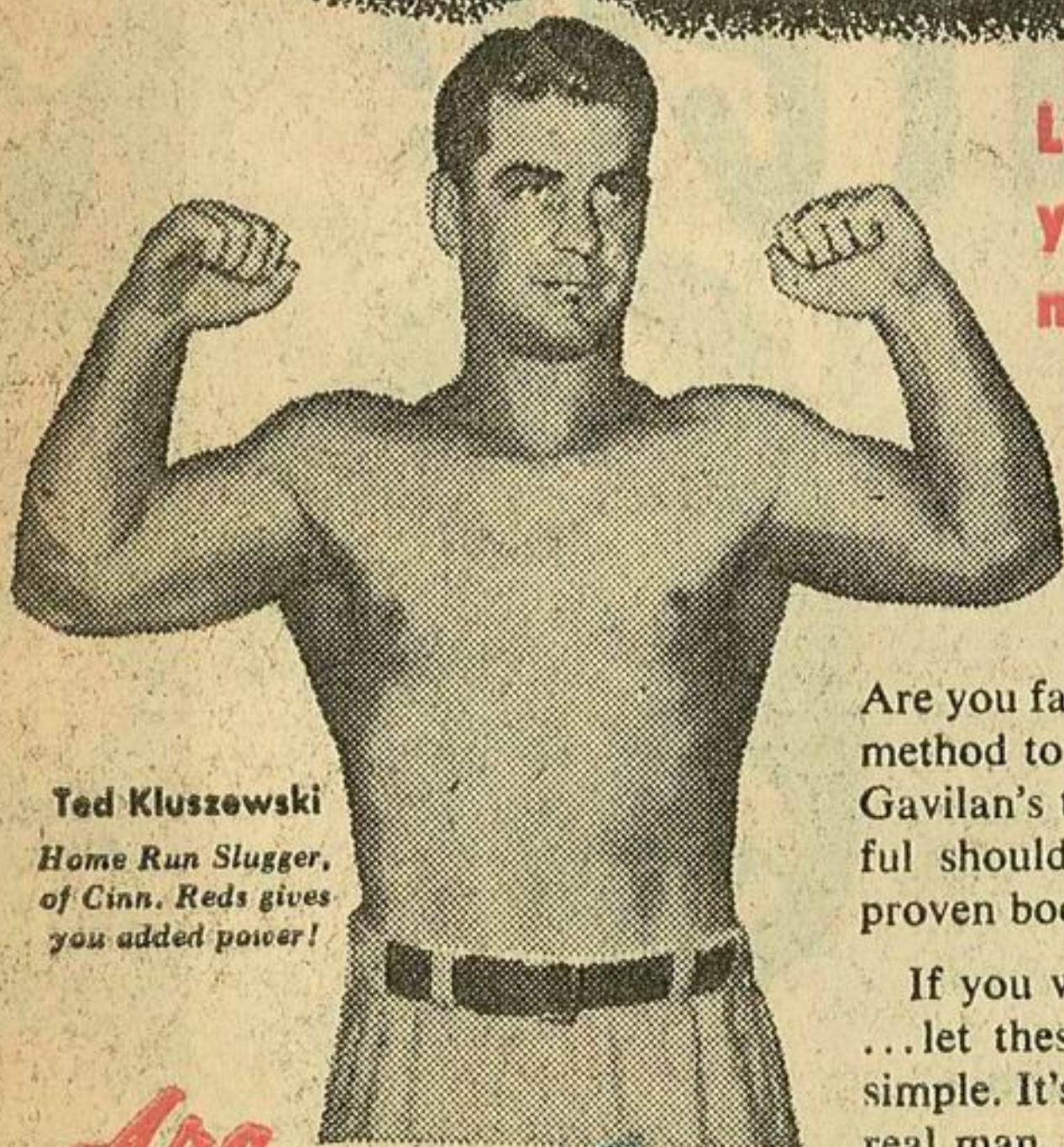
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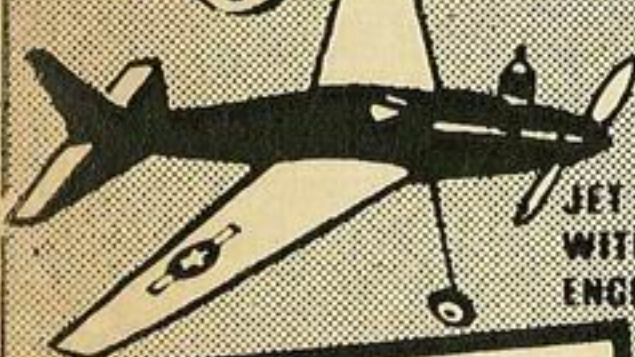
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WOODBURNING SET



LIVE WESTERN COWBOY HORSE



BOY'S OR GIRL'S BICYCLE



TYPEWRITER



CHEMISTRY SET



21-INCH TV SET

## Here's How You Get Your Prizes

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship **AT ONCE PREPAID** your first set of 24 Mottos **ON TRUST**. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to **EARN MONEY**, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send **TODAY** for 24 Mottos **ON TRUST** and big **PRIZE CATALOG FREE**.

## FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

**EXTRA!** Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you **free** a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—*plus* extra surprises!

## \$1,000.00 IN EXTRA PRIZES!

You can get most prizes on this page by selling just one set of 24 Religious Mottos. In addition, I offer these wonderful **BIG** prizes! I'll tell you how you may win! All details sent free along with 24 Mottos I send you on credit.

## The FUNman, Dept. L-136 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog **FREE**. I will remit amount required as explained in **BIG PRIZE CATALOG** within 30 days and select the prize. I want or keep a cash commission as explained. **INCLUDE DETAILS OF HOW I MAY WIN THE EXTRA BIG PRIZES.**

Name .....

Street or RFD .....

Town ..... Zone ..... State .....

**SEND NO MONEY-We Trust You!**

The FUNman, Dept. L-136, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois





makes cold drinks **INSTANTLY!**



Pick the packages with the pitcher on the front for wonderful refreshment any time! One 5c package makes one-half gallon . . . 10 full glasses. Keep plenty in your refrigerator for the whole family to share. Miracle Aid . . . instant enjoyment!

**6  
TEMPTING  
FRUIT FLAVORS**

STRAWBERRY  
ORANGE  
RASPBERRY  
GRAPE  
LEMON-LIME  
CHERRY



**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY**  
makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

**Otto Schnering, Founder**